

PARIS UNDER THE GERMANS

By BERNHARD RAGNER

REJUVENATION AND SEX

By RENÉE VON EULENBURG-WIENER

FEBRUARY 1941

The American Mercury



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Ex-Lawyer

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The Lunatic Fringe of Religion

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The Poor Vanderbilts

The Communist Grip on Our Defense

Exit "Sophistication"

You Have to Get With It, *A Story*

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Harlem's Fabulous Flyer

The Vanished Passenger Pigeon

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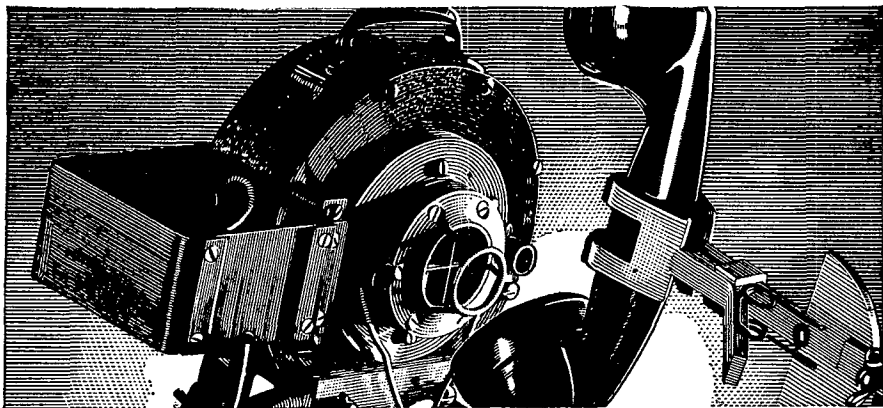
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PARIS UNDER THE GERMANS

BY BERNHARD RAGNER

ONE of the first acts of the Nazis, after entering Paris, was to take over the breweries. French beer, although good, never appealed to German palates; further, the amber beverage did not flow fast enough for the thirsty occupying troops. So, the Nazis requisitioned the breweries, introduced German methods, and installed their own maltsters from across the Rhine. Today, with Teutonic efficiency, they are producing oceans of beer in the classic Munich manner. After all, argued a fatherly *Kommandantur*, "our boys" must be made to feel at home in Paris.

As a matter of fact, they do enjoy all the comforts of home, plus delights and delicacies they never knew. Somehow, Hitler's generals have been able to transfer the at-

mosphere of the *Vaterland* to the *Grands Boulevards* and the banks of the Seine. The Swastika banner flaps arrogantly in the breeze above the Eiffel Tower. Every day at noon, headed by a military band, a company of German soldiers goose-steps down the Champs Elysées. Every night, *Ach Du Lieber Augustin* and *Die Lorelei* resound in the cafés of the Avenue Wagram, which have been "occupied" by Nazi soldiers.

In view of all this, Soldat Hans Mueller is very much at home in Paris. The remark holds true whether we find him standing guard before the Hotel Crillon, writing letters to his family at the Rotonde, or gorging himself on sauerkraut and wieners at the Taverne Alsacienne (already a Nazi

hangout in pre-war days). In truth, Hans is living the life of Riley in Paris, and France is footing the bill. He has never eaten so well or so copiously. He rides for nothing on the Paris *Metro*. He has his private movies, restaurants, clubs and cabarets. When it suits his need or fancy, he goes to the head of Parisian food lines, in which the average housewife spends three hours daily.

It is no joke, to the French, but a painful reality, to speak of Paris, Germany. Hans and his buddies are making it more so every day. He not only drinks Munich beer; he reads Berlin newspapers, sees German films, and listens to Nazi broadcasts. To give spice to his leisure moments, strolling actors put on German plays, while a mobile library brings him certified, germ-proof literature guaranteed to have been "Made in Germany."

Nor is Hans alone to enjoy these benefits. He shares them with other Germans, civilian and feminine. For Hitler's occupation is not exclusively military and masculine; it includes diplomats, experts, bankers, spies, businessmen, and what-have-you. The "boys" in uniform, so disciplined and melancholy, so polite and correct (their attitude toward French women

has been exemplary), are in the vast majority. But in addition, Paris gives "hospitality" to thousands of camp followers, such as Himmler's secret police. There are also several divisions of Nazi "girls" — nurses, typists, translators, telephonists, clerks, even wives brought to Paris to escape RAF bombs — striving so earnestly to be *chic* and elegant in hastily-bought Parisian dresses. No dependable estimates on the number of Germans now in Paris can be cited. My private guess would be about 25,000 troops and about the same number of civilians.

Whatever their sex, rank and status, these Germans have in common their possessive attitude toward Paris. Judging by their actions, Paris is their oyster; and they have installed themselves to enjoy it, not as guests and visitors but as masters and owners. They have come for a long, long stay; their sojourn is no elongated vacation. *Nein! Nein!* On the contrary, it is intended as a Kathleen Mavourneen visit — "it may be for years, and it may be forever." Evidence of this determination can be found in Adolf Hitler's telegram to General Franco voicing his satisfaction over the fact that "our territories now touch each other." Anyhow, the Germans in Paris are establish-

ing themselves on a long-term basis. They already have their finger in every worth-while French pie. Everywhere, they are in the seats of authority and control: prefectures, *mairies*, post offices, telephone centrals, telegraph *bureaux*, police stations, power plants, etc. In some degree or another, they have taken over ministries, movies, clubs, hotels, railroads, radio stations, and newspapers. When they say "No," they have means of enforcing it efficiently.

What they dislike, they destroy, modify or "improve." The French war monument at Vincennes was blasted with dynamite because it depicted the German eagle under the heel of a *poilu* of 1914-18. A similar fate befell the Edith Cavell Memorial in the Tuileries Gardens. At Rheims, the monument honoring French Negro troops was blown to smithereens as "anti-Nordic." Nor is destruction limited to marble and granite. It extends to imponderables, to works of the spirit. Flames of Nazi bonfires have eaten up hundreds of French books which Hitler & Co. could not stomach. Further, the literary section of Germany's GHQ has compiled an *index expurgatorius*, listing 162 objectionable volumes which French booksellers are forbidden to place on sale.

The Nazis have stripped any number of Jewish apartments, the Rothschild family treasures receiving special attention. Masonic Temples have also been raided, their records seized and valuables confiscated. Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris, was kept a prisoner for three weeks (one day minus food) while members of the Gestapo went through his personal and ecclesiastical records; they were not seeking for gold or material goods but for evidence to besmirch the character of His Eminence and destroy his prestige. The Catholic Institute of Paris also received a lengthy, unwelcome visit from Himmler's G-Men seeking documents which might implicate the Vatican.

As these incidents reveal, what the Nazis desire they go and take. From France they have taken wheat and steel, copper and champagne, butter and automobiles. Farms, depots, storehouses, manufacturing plants have been looted, with violence and brutality if necessary, but always effectively. The plunder attains astronomic figures, and French accountants get an acute, painful headache in trying to estimate the worth of the merchandise thus filched from France and removed to Germany.

Most of the time, however, the

Nazis do not engage in direct looting. Why should they? It is easier, more polite, and less troublesome to buy. Particularly if you pay for your purchases with that ingenious kind of stage money known as "occupation marks." Invented by the Germans, this phony money has nothing behind it except the force of Nazi bayonets and that, at present, is a powerful argument which French businessmen cannot resist. Throughout occupied France, these marks are and must be accepted at the rate of 20 francs per mark. Thanks to them, Hans Mueller has emptied Paris department stores of their choicest, finest merchandise, including ladies' silk stockings, underthings, and pajamas. Frau Mueller now wears a Paris gown which Taxpayer Jacques Dupont will pay for.

Some day these marks will have to be redeemed — or repudiated — by Vichy, and then the extent of Germany's invisible, velvet-glove looting will become painfully evident. For the moment, all we know is that the Bank of France is storing them away, that every German division has a printing press, and that the daily production of these sham marks is \$10,000,000 worth. Multiplied by 365, this is more than the total of all direct taxes paid by the French in 1939.

II

Having vanquished France physically, the Nazis are now trying to conquer her spiritually. Somehow, France must be absorbed into the German *Lebensraum*! To this end, Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine is running full blast, with renegade Frenchmen aiding the process. Paris newspapers, radio stations, and movies have been mobilized to compel Parisians to think as Hitler wants them to think. No form of thought control is neglected in a hard-boiled endeavor to make France a vassal state, and to give Frenchmen a serf complex.

Indubitably, today's German-controlled press of Paris is the lowest form of journalism that ever existed. Written in part by Germans and in bastard French, it is technically a mediocre job, barren of news, and filled with clumsy, inept propaganda. Parisians read it only because of the official announcements it publishes (police regulations, food restrictions, changes in transport services, etc.). News stories are invariably loaded with editorial comment, while headlines have a distinctly Hitlerian slant. Hot news, like the Rumanian earthquake, is relegated to the inside, while attacks upon Churchill, Vichy and Roosevelt

get front-page preference. Every day, Paris newspapers belittle the French Republic, smear its leaders (Herriot, Tardieu, Daladier, Chaumets, Blum, Mandel, even Pierre Laval) and exaggerate its defects. Every day, it exhorts Parisians to hatred of the Jew, contempt of the Freemason, mistrust of the Catholic, and antagonism toward Democracy. With the Catholics, bold frontal attacks are seldom employed; instead, they are assailed by indirection, satire, and innuendo. When the Bishop of Marseilles, in a sermon, advised patriotic, wholehearted cooperation with the Vichy government, he was promptly rapped on the knuckles as follows:

We are not impressed by such eloquence, and this mixture of holy water with Vichy water is not to our taste.

Any prelate who dares assert that the present moment in French history is not eternal becomes the victim of sarcasm, mockery, and ridicule.

Paris editors, it seems, expect Frenchmen to unlearn the wisdom of other days. So they are constantly told that Karl Marx was bribed by Freemasons to found the First Internationale, that "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" is so much hooey, that the present Parisian press is the "most un-

shackled in all the world." Other excerpts of "new wisdom":

French currency is now the world's most stable.

Parisians are no longer subjected to a venal press and a government of senile contemptibles.

The *Marseillaise* is an idiotic anthem which must be replaced by another extolling the virtues and beauty of Labor.

Following the example of Woodrow Wilson, André Tardieu has gone crazy. This is quite logical, since the Versailles Treaty renders everybody insane.

No democratic republic has lasted more than several years without decomposing in defeat or tyranny.

Vivid Fifth Column anecdotes are told about the *Herr Direktor* of Germany's French-language press in Paris. He is a German army captain with a Ph.D. degree from Leipzig. Despite his aristocratic background, he formerly held down the subaltern job of elevator man in the principal Paris newspaper office, *Paris-Soir*. For five years he played the role of the dumb elevator man, asking dumb questions and doing dumb things in a dumb way. Nobody suspected his true identity. All the while, with patience and tenacity, he was organizing a crew of compositors and pressmen, of reporters and editors, to be used when and if. . . . When the Nazis reached Paris, he doffed his elevator man's uniform

and donned that of a German army captain. The transition was speedy: 11 A.M., elevator man; 3 P.M., business manager and editor-in-chief combined. In his new post, he worked with zeal and dispatch. Exactly twelve hours after the German troops entered Paris, he published a special edition of *Paris-Soir* — one million copies — in which the Nazis told the Parisians, in unmistakable language, what was expected of them.

III

Standing in line — a grim, dreary and often profitless business — is a new experience for most Parisians. Every morning, a million women stand in line for food, soap, or travel permits. From a Paris letter:

If you ever come back to Paris, I hope you won't scold me if I cannot serve you the tasty dishes I used to prepare. We have no milk, no butter, no rice, no coffee, no tea. We have to wait for hours to buy potatoes. I am sorry for the poor women with sore feet and jittery nerves. Many of them collapse before their turn is reached.

People grumble, argue and fight with each other standing in line; they are so impatient and so hungry. Since we are watched by the German soldiers, this is not the patriotic thing to do.

What of the food situation? "Hollow hunger," which leaves an aching void within, exists among the poorer classes of Paris, but to

what an extent nobody can say. "Hidden hunger" is far more prevalent, and many a Parisian fills his stomach with food that is lamentably short in calories and vitamins. While dietitians say the 87 ounces of bread allowed him weekly are enough for the average adult, here is the present weekly ration of other foods in ounces per person: meat, 13, butter, 3.5, sugar, 4.5, *ersatz* coffee, 3, cheese, 2, rice, 1. Compare the approximate number of ounces of some of these foods consumed weekly by the average American: meat, 112, butter, 17.5, sugar, 14, ground coffee, 7.

When it comes to nutriment for the mind, the situation is far more critical. "Man does not live by bread alone," and Paris is hungry for spiritual food. All foreign and half the French sources of supply have been cut off. By Nazi edict, Paris is separated from the rest of the world; her artists, scientists, and writers as well. They can no longer exchange ideas with London, New York, and Everywhere. Formerly, the reading-room table of any Paris hotel was eclectic and cosmopolitan; lying upon it might be *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, the *London Times*, the *Osservatore Romano*, *La Nacion*, of Buenos Aires, and the *Journal de Genève*; today, we find only the German papers of

Paris and — Berlin. Only last year, Parisian kiosks were polyglot; today, they are bilingual.

Nazi decrees compel Parisians to live in a spiritual prison, on an island of incommunicability. Only the radio waves can defy the German *Verboten*, and to pick up their messages is illegal; discovery may lead to distressing, awkward complications. News dispatches must travel via Berlin, where they may be censored, slashed to pieces, or dropped gently in a wastepaper basket. Even diplomatic couriers are delayed, held up, and turned back. No telegrams can be sent out of Paris, and no letters (except to addresses within the occupied zone); none can be received from abroad or from the Free Zone, since the Germans have erected an insurmountable wall at the borderline. Thus Paris lives in an atmosphere of ignorance, knowing only what the Nazis permit her to know.

Like most human beings, Parisians like "to see and choose their path," but this is impossible in the black-out — physical and moral — which darkens the city. How envisage the future except as an ominous question mark? Thousands of families are separated, broken into widely-scattered segments; the "vacant chair" at dinner time is the rule rather than the

exception. How make plans when one son is a prisoner, another "missing in action," while the refugee daughter has not been heard from since last June? True, all three may be safe, fairly comfortable, and in good enough health; but this uncertainty, this absence of news, make the anguish all the harder to bear. Until the family circle has been reformed, or the dread imaginings officially confirmed, Parisian faces will be wan, melancholy, and exempt of smiles.

IV

Perhaps a million Parisians have fled the city, reducing the population to about 3,000,000. Foreign "colonies," including the American, have vanished; only consular officials and the representatives of foreign business holdings have remained. Paris is and is not changed. It all depends on the point of view. Physically, she is unaltered; she was not damaged by German bombings, and there are no ruins. Her statues and monuments are unharmed. Notre Dame Cathedral still welcomes worshipers and tourists. Children play as of yore on Sunday afternoons in the Luxembourg Gardens. The Louvre Museum is open, but minus 3000 of its noblest masterpieces. As green-

uniformed Nazis come to respectful salute, Parisians pray in silence before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, perhaps more fervently than a year ago. For the youngsters, school keeps open six days of the week but with a program dictated, in part, by the Germans. One night a week both the Opéra and the Comédie Française fling wide their doors.

When the weather permits, café terraces are crowded, but conversation is hushed, cautious, and limited to harmless topics such as the climate, Niagara Falls, and the length of Cleopatra's nose. Parisians follow a "Safety Always" policy, since that strange-looking fellow at the next table may be a member of the Gestapo. Even Paris's drastic prohibition regulations have not killed the *apéritif* hour, and forbidden drinks are served in teacups. Old night clubs have reopened, new ones have blossomed, chiefly for the "tourists" from across the Rhine. A typical night-club check is 900 francs (roughly \$20) for five whiskies and two champagne cocktails. Champagne is \$10 a bottle and the Germans pay willingly — in occupation marks. Spectacles to dazzle the eye and tickle the ear draw capacity audiences (chiefly Germanic) to the Folies Bergère

and the Casino de Paris. There is even a sufficient demand for French drama to keep open Sasha Guitry's Madeleine Theatre, the advance-guard Oeuvre and the risqué, comic Palais-Royal.

Since last June, Parisian streets have presented an unusual aspect: no taxicabs, no autobuses, no street cars and no automobiles (except military ones). Gasoline is \$2 a gallon in the bootleg market and 50 cents in the legal one, if and when available. Paris goes to work (1) on foot, (2) in the subway, (3) on bicycles. The last is a most popular form of locomotion; everybody uses it — millionaires and *midinettes*, bankers and bookkeepers. Bicycles have advanced in price from \$15 to \$60, and no fewer than 500 garages have been built to house them.

Despite the German occupation, with its vexations and restrictions, the Parisian remains what he was before. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. He grumbles, argues and complains. At no time has he "abdicated." Under Blum, Tardieu and Laval, he was an ornery "member of the opposition"; under Hitler, he is the same. True, he can't hire a hall (all public meetings are forbidden) to voice his griefs, but he gets them out of his system nevertheless. Defeat has

neither subdued his spirit nor enslaved his mind. He remains refractory to Nazi propaganda, and his thoughts are still his own.

At times, Jacques Bonhomme reveals his anti-Nazi feelings in hazardous and unwise ways. It is a Parisian custom, still alive, to hiss and to boo what you do not like. One afternoon last September, I was in a Paris picture theatre when a portrait of the Führer was flashed on the screen. Although I could scarcely believe my ears, for more than ten minutes I heard hisses and boos. Evidently, the Gestapo was taking a vacation that day since nothing happened. However, such manifestations continue, and the Paris *Kommandantur* has threatened to close all the movies because of ill-timed applause which is deemed "an act of hostility." Another regulation requires electric lights to be put on when news reels are shown, thus depriving demonstrators of the protective darkness.

In other days, Frenchmen used Vespasians — those convenient if inartistic comfort stations for men that dot the boulevards — for expressing their partisan loves and hates. This quaint Parisian custom refuses to die . . . with this difference: formerly, *À Bas Blum* and *Vive La Rocque* were chalked upon the walls of these *édicules*; today, it

is invariably *À Bas Hitler* or *Vive de Gaulle*. Every day, a squad of street cleaners is commissioned to remove these subversive inscriptions.

When the Nazis invaded Paris, they plastered the walls of the city with propaganda posters, one of them picturing a handsome German soldier with two smiling French youngsters in his arms. Said the legend: "To the abandoned populations of France: Give your confidence to the German soldier." Immediate and dramatic was the French reaction; under the cover of night, hundreds of these posters were lacerated. I personally saw several score with the word *Mensonge* (Falsehood) written upon them in large, reckless letters. On others, a stronger, smellier word was used, also beginning with *M*, the word which Cambronne employed at Waterloo.

These incidents, chosen at random from others, may seem puerile, trivial, unimportant. *Mais non!* They are pregnant with meaning. They reveal, they objectify a spirit. They indicate that Jacques Bonhomme has retained the mastery of his soul, even under the Hitlerian tyranny. In rash, juvenile fashion, they incarnate a desperate hope and a great faith. *Fluctuat Nec Mergitur*, the motto of Paris . . . it wavers but it does not sink.

SIBELIUS: CLOSE-UP OF A GENIUS

BY CARLETON SMITH

JAN JULIUS CHRISTIAN SIBELIUS ranks as the greatest of living symphonists. He may surely be called the most colorful musical man of our day. He is rugged, sturdy, fierce-looking, and every inch a Finn. In his oversized log cabin twenty-eight miles north of Helsinki, he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last December 8th by shutting off his telephone and going for a tramp around his snow-covered lake. For over thirty years now he has lived there amid his cypresses and junipers, and with a minimum of interference from the outside world fought his battle to bring symphonies out of the nowhere.

His seventieth birthday in 1935 was a national holiday the like of which Finland had not known in all her long history. Every village square was beflagged and decorated. Two large orchestras and 7000 of Sibelius' fellow-countrymen crowded into Helsinki's new Messuhalli to do him honor. The President of the Republic was there to present him with a laurel wreath.

Microphones were in place to carry the proceedings around the globe. Cablegrams and medals poured in from five continents. But the hero of the occasion was in hiding. Not until the very end did he appear — and then only to open his outstretched arms in meaningful thanks.

Ainola, his home — named after his wife, Aino — has been the mecca of foreign visitors for years. Among the more notable pilgrims from America have been the Yale Glee Club, a deputation from the Eastman School of Music, and emissaries of the broadcasting companies. Artists, conductors, journalists, ministers and maharajahs have made the long trip north to have a word with him. A few have met him, but they departed knowing little of the essential Sibelius. He greets all his visitors with a warm, expansive smile, immediately putting them at ease. In short ejaculations he gives oblique, subtle commentaries on history, sociology, literature — whatever subjects they choose to talk about, except himself.

"Sibelius," he says, if you press the point, "is music, not words."

I met him first in Hameenlinna, his birthplace. We had corresponded and I telephoned from Helsinki. Several days later a small white card appeared in my box:

Prof. J. Sibelius

Uusi-Hotelli

14:30, Hameenlinna

The proprietor of a grocery store well stocked with American canned goods directed me to the Uusi-Hotelli (New Hotel). Its sign had fallen down, the reception room stairs were partly gone. Everything was spick-and-span, however, in typical Finnish fashion. A woman appeared from the kitchen. "Professor Sibelius? *Yo, yo!*" Here he was coming toward me, his bald, monolithic head and deep-furrowed brow set atop a massive, powerful frame. "You are very good, very kind to come from America to see me. You, young man! I, very honored. But now you must dinner. What you will drink?"

We sat down at a table loaded with choice food. Sibelius is hospitality personified. "This room; you don't mind, I hope. It is plain. But I like the quiet here and come often. You prefer English . . . but my English is very bad. I know Greek, Latin — classical education,

yes — French, Italian, Russian, German, Swedish, Finnish, but not much English. But if you prefer, of course."

Hour after hour he grew more loquacious. "You come now from America? I like America. Very epic, you know. Stirring, grand. I like music from your plains. Those cowboys never get gray hair, do they? Their music, so characteristic of their *mentalité!* I like only not publicity in New York. Too much for me. Sibelius is music, yes?"

In 1914 Sibelius came to the United States, was greeted by ship reporters who did their utmost to convince him he was the coming musical Messiah. During a month's stay he heard concerts in New York and Boston, spent two days at Niagara Falls, conducted his own music in Norfolk, Connecticut, and was made a Doctor of Music *honoris causa* by Yale. I inquired if he'd heard any composers here whom he liked. "*Yo, yo!* One, very musical, very poetic!" he replied with a twinkle in his eye. "I find best American composer — Edgar Allan Poe."

Occasionally he would jump up from the table and rush to the out-of-tune piano to play chords. Whenever the clock struck he could hear the piano strings vibrate in response. "You excuse me," he

would say. "Piano speak to me." A small sound stimulates him as well as a big one. Musical ideas, he explained, come to him on a ray of sunshine reflected in the water, falling with a dead leaf, hopping with a bird, or from the wind blowing through tall grass. He spends his hours alone in the woods walking and thinking. Then he does his actual composition.

"Maybe you not like it that everything here is so much Sibelius," he said. "You know all Finland is very much Sibelius. The lakes, the rocks, the trees, my house, my wife — very much Sibelius. You forgive me — it must be so. Otherwise Sibelius not write Sibelius. You understand?"

It was obvious that underneath this warm and hospitable exterior there was a resolute, flintlike character tempered by his struggle with his genius. As he talked his mind was constantly in flight, leaping from topic to topic, making strange fantastic observations, changing the subject with breath-taking suddenness.

We discussed other composers. "This you must say," he emphasized. "Wagner is one of the greatest geniuses in music." This was a strange contradiction because a few minutes earlier he had said he hated Wagnerian music, that it was too

literary, that he couldn't remember what it was about without looking in a book. "No! No! Wagner not for Sibelius," he said. "But for others, very good. I find too heavy, too long. Besides, I hate Wagner cult. Once in Bayreuth, I get inside cab and there was sign:

ON JULY 7, 1883
WAGNER SAT HERE.

I get out and walk."

Of Richard Strauss, his great contemporary, he said, "Strauss is actual; I not. His music has very many clothes, very fine fabrics, bright colors. But I find clothes go out of style. My music abstract — for all times, all places."

He said he preferred Mozart, Verdi, Beethoven. But later at his home I found that he rarely listens to any music except his own. He has three radios and often twirls the dials for hours hunting for Sibelius broadcasts. When he gets one he plays it at maximum volume. Everyone else leaves the room, or the house. "You have to be very good musician to listen to the radio," he says, "or else a very bad one."

Sibelius has very definite notions as to how his music should be played, and is seldom satisfied with performances of it, though he admits he couldn't conduct his greater symphonies himself and make them

sound as he conceived them. He left a rehearsal one day when a third trumpet was missing, because he could only hear "that trumpet which wasn't there," and he couldn't stand it. When a famous violinist played his Concerto with the Helsinki symphony and deleted a short passage in the opening movement, Sibelius refused to allow the composition to be played the next winter.

He has a theory as to why his symphonies were first appreciated in England and New England. Here, radio listeners voted him their favorite composer, before Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky or any other, though his symphonies are not yet understood or accepted in Continental countries. Sibelius says this has to do with ancestral memory. His music harks back to the Eddas, the sagas and the runes. It is a conversation of Odin and Thor in our time. The music maker of the northern spirit, Sibelius gives us a glimpse of what might have been had the upsweep of Mediterranean culture been turned back, had Vikings and Norsemen been allowed to go their own way and express their own thoughts in music.

For fifteen years now he has published no symphony. Any attempt to discover what he is writ-

ing meets with an impenetrable barrier. Old cronies think that in his second story workroom at Ainola he has sketched and re-sketched fifty versions of the long-awaited Eighth Symphony, that he is satisfied with none of them. Others point out that he has palsy — to sign his name now, he must hold his right hand with his left. They say it will never be. Another rumor has it that, being superstitious, he believes he will die when it is published. To all of which he laconically says, "Those who ask me about my symphony do nothing to help me write it."

Sibelius' *Finlandia* and *Valse Triste* have been played from San Francisco to Tiflis, from Stockholm to Santiago. A citizen of the world himself, Sibelius is yet very much a Finn. He has lived through two struggles to the death with his people. He was nearly shot in the war which freed his country. He was under bombardment last year. But wars, even today, are only incidents to Sibelius. The world may collapse about him, but he lives in an unconquerable land. He has sat long on gray rocks, has heard the songs and silences of Earth, Air, and Water. He knows the fire that darts as lightning in the skies and shatters the pines; he knows the cries of the birds as they cross in

fog over northern seas. In the long winter nights he has penned their story in sound. And he has told of the yearnings and strivings of the Finns, their stolid response to joy, their unflinching acceptance of death, their hopes for the future.

II

It was greatly to Sibelius' advantage that he grew up in a relatively isolated country district. He could more easily realize his own powers without waste or distraction. He drew from the public musical life of European capitals just what he needed for nourishment and development, and returned to his own environment to renew his strength.

Sibelius was the eldest son of a country doctor who played the guitar and sang, and died when the young "Janne" was two-and-a-half. "Having lost our father," Sibelius told his friend Ekman, "we children — my sister Linda, myself, and my brother who was three years younger than I — became closely attached to my mother. Widowed at twenty-seven, she was strong, brave, and fortified by a deep religious conviction. She lived only for us, and her mother, Catharina Juliana Borg, widow of Gabriel Borg, the dean of Pyhäjoki, took us to live in her house."

Sibelius spent his summers with his paternal grandmother and aunt at Lovisa or on nearby islands. From time to time he visited his bachelor uncle, an Abo business man interested in astronomy and music, who was known to take out his violin at two in the morning and play until dawn. Sibelius liked him. Also, he always wanted to know his seafaring uncle who died of yellow fever in Havana and whose name he carried. Educated Finns frequently used the French form of their Christian name. This uncle, when he sailed on his last voyage, left behind a batch of visiting cards with the name *Jean Sibelius*. Twenty-five years later when the young composer started his studies in Helsinki, he used these same cards.

Like all geniuses, Sibelius lived from the beginning according to the laws of his own true being. "If I am asked what interested me most in school," he confesses, "I can say with a clear conscience: nothing." His thoughts always strayed, his head was always in the clouds, and he continually expressed such original and bizarre ideas that his childhood friend, Kajanus, said pointedly that in his normal mood Sibelius was "like the rest of us when we are drunk." As a youngster he was fond of wandering through the woods playing to hobgoblins and witches

on his violin. He would stand for hours gazing at the sunset. Even today, at seventy-five, when the wild swans and cranes migrate, his neighbors telephone: "Please tell the Professor the birds are coming," and he goes off to listen to them in flight. The local government often blocks off roads and reroutes traffic so that he will not be disturbed in his meditations.

"At home we all know when he is in the world of music," says Fru Sibelius. "I do not usually speak to him in the morning until he speaks to me. We do not like to disturb his thoughts, to spoil his creative mood. But when he does address me, then we speak of anything. My husband is most disturbed by music. A few bars of a song, a whistle, may snatch him from his work and then everything is spoiled; he must start it all over again. Therefore you never hear music in our home; never singing or whistling, at least unless my husband does it. Once when we were having some redecoration done, one of the painters whistled at his work. I had to go and ask him very humbly not to whistle because it disturbs the professor! The man did not quite understand, and I had to find a simple but vivid example. 'What would you say if you had just painted that wall and some

one came and drew a brushful of another color across it, spoiling your work? In the same way the professor is disturbed when you whistle.' The man understood."

The Sibelius' five daughters, too, learned from their earliest childhood to be silent. They never sang or hummed at home, nor do Sibelius' grandchildren, though toward them he is more indulgent.

"It seems in the evening he does not want to rest," his wife says. "He is incredibly alive. There is nothing of an old man's calm in him; you can still see him striving upwards. He lives at a great pace, intensely and energetically. His capacity for work seems unailing."

Sibelius has no hobbies. His work is everything to him. There was a time when he spent long nights improvising at the piano for his cronies—Kajanus, Gallen-Kallela, the painter, the two Järnefelts, Aho, the author, Saarinen, the architect. The legend is that while one of these parties was in progress, Kajanus was called to the phone and told he must take the night train to Saint Petersburg to conduct a concert. He rushed off and came back two days later. The party was still going on and, when he rejoined them, Sibelius peered through the dense fog of tobacco smoke and inquired, "Robert, who

has been keeping you on the phone so long?"

There is little time now for such conviviality. Sibelius will have a few *kippis* (skoals) whenever a friend joins him. The best wines and champagne are always on the table. But to see him now in starched cuffs and stiff collars, his double-breasted business suit neatly buttoned, his shoes made in Berlin by the ex-Kaiser's bootmaker, it is not easy to picture him as ever having been a careless, wild-haired bohemian.

Sibelius still indulges in an old Finnish custom of topping off his bath by breaking the ice from a bucket of water left outdoors overnight, and pouring its "invigorating" contents over his head. That ritual, however, is only a part of his iron routine. Much of his life is built upon self-imposed discipline, which he sometimes extends to his family. When one of his daughters wanted a divorce, he refused point-blank. He also asked his biographer to remove all reference to his drinking. "What will my grandchildren think?" he demanded.

Sibelius is full of contradictions. Courteous, affable, hospitable, he is also fiercely independent, extremely reserved and jealous of his privacy and solitude. Believing himself to be the greatest composer

of all time, he yet refuses to state publicly how his own compositions should be played for fear of offending a powerful conductor. Shy, reticent, loathing self-advertisement, at the same time he is eager to see his name in print and reads every line written about him.

In the luxurious hotels of Helsinki and in the bright lights of his own log cabin, Sibelius becomes a man of the world; an epicure and an aristocrat; in the austere quiet of his woods, he is the mystic — the aloof and solitary dreamer. Ascetic, sparing, economical in his music, he loves excesses, heaping portions, overflowing glasses. Prodigal, open-handed, though in debt, he will always smoke the most expensive Havanas. Once a banker from whom he had borrowed money reproached him, saying, "Look, Jan, I smoke two-for-a-nickel cigars." Sibelius brought a whole box of dollar cigars and broke them on the table. Sibelius could afford them, even if his banker couldn't.

He is proud of his success. "Yo, yo! Very great honor for me," he says modestly. "The result of seventy-five years. I very glad. Yo, yo!" And then he wrinkles his brow and peers quizzically. "But — you pardon me — Sibelius likes Sibelius!"

► *A distinguished economist believes
we are heading for fascism via war.*

COMING: A TOTALITARIAN AMERICA

By JOHN T. FLYNN

IT SEEMS to be the fate of nations in times of great crises that those who are most vocal and are listened to most are the professional litterateurs. What is happening in the world, its meaning, its consequences, come to be described for us by those who see it through the luminous fog of their emotions. It is therefore no matter of surprise that the present crisis should be pictured for us by various novelists, columnists and poets as something quite new in the world.

Yet there is nothing very new about it. No one who has read history to any purpose can fail to see that all this tragic churning about is but a repetition of an old, old story that has gotten itself told many, many times before in history. When we can quiet our emotions, we may take a glance at the essential elements of the crisis and perhaps form a more intelligent notion of its nature and our duties toward it.

I have said that the essentials of this crisis are not new. Those essentials are cloaked under a collec-

tion of new and horrific words. The age-old concept of despotism is called totalitarianism. The hoary principle of guild government is called corporatism. General Phil Sheridan, describing that portion of the Shenandoah Valley that his troops had swept over, said that a crow travelling across it would have to carry its own rations. General Sherman planned and executed the strategy of an attack upon the economic base of the Confederacy. Today this is called total war, as if it had never been heard of before. And a whole group of old ideas — collectivism, syndicalism — are mixed up with the instrumentalities of the Savonarolas, the Torquemadas and the ministers of half a dozen Louis's and called fascism. In the war itself the names are new, the instruments of destruction are new, but the objectives and the ideologies behind the war are the old ones, some of them as old as Babylon.

What concerns us most in America is our own domestic problem. Men like Walter Lippmann have

sought to sell us the idea that we are trapped between two hostile oceans, that these oceans have shrunk to the dimensions of ditches and that over them have come flooding the problems of the world, submerging utterly the problems of our own society, that therefore we must abandon our society and its destructive maladjustments that we do not know how to solve and proceed to the solution of the problems of the world about which we know less. At the base of this philosophy is the idea that the way to bring peace, order, security and abundance to the world is to settle the problems of the world first. It is in opposition to a far more reasonable philosophy, that the nations of the world, differing in manners, language, culture and economic organization, cannot deal with world problems so well as with their domestic ones, and that an ordered and civilized world will come when there are enough orderly and civilized constituencies to form a world community. We — our United States with 130,000,000 Americans — will constitute one such constituency. It is a vast world in itself. It is more happily situated to deal with its own problems than any other single national community in the world. If it abdicates its high function of thinking

about its own problems to plunge into the age-old controversies of Europe and Asia, then the fairest chance of a rational approach to peace and order in the world will be lost, certainly interrupted for a long period.

II

One of the illusions I encounter most is that, whatever else may be said of the last eight years in America, they reveal a new order in which, for the first time, a government recognizes and accepts the challenge of responsibility for the welfare of its citizens and the stability of its economic system. Someone has said that about the only thing that history teaches is that it teaches nothing. Here is a glowing example of that truth.

Probably the oldest phenomenon in society is that series of episodes in national history that may be described thus: (1) Economic depression; (2) rising impatience of the masses; (3) apprehension of the ruling groups; (4) adoption of welfare laws to placate the masses; (5) persistence of economic anemia and disorder; (6) creation of government purchasing power by borrowing and spending money; (7) final resistance to borrowing and spending; (8) military pre-

paredness and war as a means of spending; (9) collapse. Over and over again in history the cycle is repeated — in all ages, in all countries. And along with it goes, frequently, the conscious effort to control and direct the economic mechanisms of the society — always in the name of abundance or stability or security, but actually in the interest of whatever group happens to be in control of the society, usually the producing groups.

The little society of ancient Attica was a capitalist one — a society in which the production and distribution of goods was carried on by private owners for profit and within the framework of a money economy. Four hundred years before Christ we witness a depression: farmers in distress, unemployed workers, sterile investment, farmers clamoring for money aid from the capital and for devaluation of the drachma, workers demanding doles from the rich and the government, capitalists fearful of their property. Then we see Pericles setting up his PWA's and his CCC's and his WPA's and his RRA's. In Plutarch's *Essay on Pericles* we read:

Every year he sent out threescore galleys, on board which there were numbers of the citizens, who were in pay eight months, learning the while and practicing the art of seamanship. . . .

He sent, moreover, a thousand of them into the Chersonese as planters, to share the land among them by lot, and five hundred more into Naxos. . . . That which gave most pleasure to the city of Athens . . . was his construction of the public and sacred buildings.

Against these extravagances the propertied classes murmured. But Pericles replied that

With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city in a manner, into state pay. . . . For as those which are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanics that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them these vast projects of buildings.

And the money for this he provided not from taxes but from loans from the Delian Fund — the great defense fund of the Aegean cities, of which Athens was the trustee.

This neat device has been the refuge of the hard-pressed rulers of all time. And so naturally did it spring out of the very nature of the systems in force that even Japan, before she had ever established relations with the rest of the world

and suffered any sort of economic infection from it, repeated these experiments, borrowing money, taxing the people, running into economic and political jams, devaluing the coinage, attempting control of the economic system by guilds, by cartels, by syndicalist production controls and moving thus through the inevitable cycles of disaster.

These stratagems of hard-pressed governments were not the exclusive property of liberal ministers. On the contrary, there is scarcely a measure of the last eight years — labor legislation, pensions, welfare measures, doles, public works, borrowing — that has not been employed more often by reactionary princes and their agents. Some of the earliest welfare legislation of England came from the hand of Disraeli, and the earliest efforts to placate the masses in Germany originated with the royalist Iron Chancellor who, while he was inventing the techniques of “blood and iron,” was also teaching Germany how to mollify her population with old-age pensions and a whole group of related reforms and, as Pericles said before him, to “provide and maintain in the armaments those of age and strength for war” and “the undisciplined mechanics” in industries related to war and in other public works.

The man who made the most important modern contribution to this system was the regent of Louis XV, the Duke of Orleans. Coming to power when France was bankrupt by the long reign of Louis XIV, Orleans adopted the theories of John Law for the establishment of a bank of deposit and discount that could create deposits by the simple process of making loans. Thereafter France could borrow money from the national bank instead of from the people, create bank money by making loans, distribute bank money among her people instead of taking it away from them by taxes, and promote an easy, swift, orgiastic and wholly collapsible prosperity.

This is what modern states do. They borrow, not on bonds from the savings of the people, but from commercial banks, thus creating bank deposits, bank money. They build up vast national debts to do the things that Pericles did with money borrowed from the Delian Fund. They keep this up as long as possible. And in good time this air-blown structure tumbles. When spending for peacetime projects becomes impossible because the people apply to this ultimately the principles of hard-headed economic logic, the governments always turn to spending for war, with war hys-

teria worked up in order to sweep out of the brains of the people and their leaders these constricting principles of economic logic. The war hysteria brings prosperity built on loans and vast expenditures by the government, as Pericles did it, as Louis XIV and Louis XV did it, as Bismarck did it, as Mussolini and Hitler do it. And this in turn produces wars *or* economic collapse or war *and* economic collapse.

The fundamental difficulty arises out of certain mechanistic defects in the capitalist economic system. These defects have always been present in it — in Athens and Rome as in Germany and America. They have been swollen by certain modern developments in the system. There is left to the people of America but two alternatives: to correct these defects or at least to diminish them, or to abandon the system. Nowhere do I see any effort to correct the defects of the system. I see only the hoary stratagems of Pericles and Bismarck — welfare measures, putting the bulk of the population into state pay with spending programs of all sorts, creating government funds as Louis XV created them with bank loans and attempting, as they did in Japan, in the Holy Roman Empire, in the Italy of Mussolini and the Germany of Hitler, to

submit the economic system to controls in the interest of scarcity and profits and high wages. The capitalist system has bogged down, not because Hoover was President or Roosevelt his successor, but because of certain maladjustments in the system that at intervals paralyze its dynamic element, which is private investment.

Before us stand two problems. One is to revive private investment. The other is to apply certain policies that will tend to protect investment from collapse, and which will, while stimulating production, tend to effect a wider distribution of the income created by the processes of production. Here I do no more than state the problem. It differs from the popular New Deal statement of that problem in that the latter talks endlessly about distributing income but never at all about stimulating production, for which it has no plans.

In the absence of plans, what I see with growing terror is the presence in our midst of the essential elements of fascism. Our unthinking poetasters and self-appointed intelligence units see fascism in such grotesque and futile excrescences here as the Bunds, Christian fronts and the like. They think that to be a fascist you must have

some sort of shirt uniform, must drill and goose-step, must have a demonstrative salute, must hate the Jews, and believe in dictatorship. Fascism is not the result of dictatorship. Fascism is the consequence of economic jam and dictatorship is the product of fascism, for fascism cannot be managed save by a dictator. We have the economic jam. Private investment is as completely in collapse here as it was in 1933. We exist wholly upon an ocean of government debts. Out of this jam, if we find no other escape, no normal, rational escape by the employment of democratic principles, will come the rise of fascism.

III

We will not recognize it as it rises. It will wear no black shirts here. It will probably have no marching songs. It will rise out of a congealing of a group of elements that exist here and that are the essential components of fascism. The essentials of fascism are: (1) corporatism; (2) government-created purchasing power as a substitute for private investment; (3) production of government funds by bank credits; (4) militarism; (5) dictatorship.

1. Corporatism is here to the ex-

tent of 75 per cent. It is the principle that holds that production and distribution must be controlled by the producers in the interest of scarcity for profit and high wages. Mussolini developed this old combination of labor syndicalism and medieval guildism. In this country we have played with it under the name of self-rule in industry and actually installed it as a national system in 1933. We did not call it by the foreign name of corporatism. We called it the National Recovery Administration. We will, of course, give all these things good American names. And the fascist when he appears will knock you down if you call him a fascist. Americans believe in this. It is popular with capital and labor. It is approved by the Chamber of Commerce and the CIO.

2. Government-created purchasing power — this, surely, we see with our own eyes. Rexford Tugwell, collaborating with Leon Henderson, Mordecai Ezekial and Seymour Gilbert, government economists, said recently that we have failed to produce recovery because we had spent only three billion a year on it whereas we should spend twelve billion.

3. This government purchasing power we are producing by means of funds borrowed at the banks,

thus creating an immense national debt.

4. No one will doubt that we have gone in for militarism. Many people imagine that the government has invoked conscription merely to meet a crisis. Its leaders are thinking of it as a permanent feature of American life. As Bismarck perceived in his generation, this will take a million or two out of the ranks of unemployment and create a new and continuing industry, the armament industry, to supply them with machines and put millions to work with government funds. Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Gilbert said in Washington that the government would give a demonstration of how prosperity could be produced by means of the war effort.

5. There remains totalitarianism. The combination of state functions listed above cannot exist without a dictatorship. Compliance with the corporative system, continuous collaboration with the banks in the system of permanent deficit financing, the immense tax burdens and militarism cannot be procured save by a dictator. Under a democracy the resistance to these things can become vocal, cumulative and effective. Only under a dictatorship can this resistance be suppressed.

This is the direction in which we move. We move in this direction because the elements of this appalling doctrine of fascism are here. I repeat they are here because of the continuing and unsolved economic problem. This will bring these fascist conceptions to the surface and into use. When they are tried, a dictatorship will be inevitable. It will be at first decorous, humane, glowing with homely American sentiment. But a dictatorship cannot remain benevolent. To continue, it must become ruthless. When this stage is reached we shall see that appeal by radio, movies, and government-controlled newspapers to all the worst instincts and emotions of our people. The rough, the violent, the lawless men will come to the surface and into power. This is the terrifying prospect as we move along our present course.

There is but one way to avoid it — and that is to begin at the beginning, to begin with the imperfections of the economic system and to correct them. This we may do perhaps by making less than half the sacrifices we would have to make in a war. The way to hurry this fascist disaster upon us is to strike our already impoverished economic system the blow of war.

► *He quit the law because he couldn't "take" its ethics.*

EX-LAWYER

BY WEYLAND CROSS

THEY still talk about it. A lawyer with a lucrative practice must be slightly twisted to close his office and give up the profession of law. With the depression drying up the sources of lawyers' earnings, I was an anomaly — a young attorney, barely thirty, with the "right" clientele and a reputation for getting the "right" verdicts. Did I fear disbarment? Or was I just losing my mind? Friends looked at me sympathetically, my office help stared blankly, when I told them I was getting out of the law because I probably would lose my mind if I stayed in.

I was a born lawyer, from the ground up. Even in high school everyone took that for granted; was I not the class orator and debater? My star was set, and with each new medal or ribbon, it shot to dizzy heights. Borah could orate, and Charles Evans Hughes was the devil to beat for big words, but I had the real makings. If there was any doubt about it, no less a god than Max D. Steuer himself settled it when he judged me one

of the winners in a youthful debate on the League of Nations, and patted my head like a proud pater.

Law school was a fast-moving assembly-line squeezed into three floors of a downtown office building. In three years I was ground from the hopper, sharpened to the use of a few high-sounding rules of thumb, and able to roll a mouthful of legal hocus-pocus. At Commencement a political sachem reminded us of certain vague obligations, and the Dean beamed proudly at his polished craftsmen — seven hundred of us. It was a great send-off. Sure, the world outside was lean and impoverished, with factories closing and industry stalled, but our product would be an indispensable one: The Law.

I soon discovered I belonged to a breed as plentiful as a microbe's kinsfolk. The market was overloaded with erudition. For \$10 a week lawyers wanting assistants could have their pick of seasoned attorneys, some with a string of degrees. Shuttling from one job to another, I saw that the real re-

wards lay beyond the law itself, in a world of jugglery and back-room manipulation. As a \$20-a-week lawyer I labored nine months in unraveling a half-million dollar estate from which my employer promptly drew \$25,000 as his fee. I knew that in one downtown firm over eighty lawyers ground out in day and night shifts the work a handful of well-connected partners brought in, and that a first-class electrician or plumber earned as much as any of those eighty galley slaves.

I decided to strike out for myself, and soon gained a foothold. After a bit of original research and a few fortunate verdicts I was looked on as something of a specialist in my field. But it was not law I practiced, not the balancing of equities or the application of legal formulae. I was merely adept in the juggling of facts to suit the pattern I desired. The law was a convenient tool, a mysterious jumble of age-worn words and phrases.

There is nothing bitter or cynical in what I say. The law has been too generous a mistress for that. Perhaps the trouble was that I was too much concerned with the processes of law rather than with its theory. I couldn't go on pulling rabbits out of the legal hodgepodge to save some weasel-minded debtor from his honest debts. I

couldn't go on telling half-witted witnesses to remember this and forget that, when the simple truth would blow my case higher than a tailless kite. And somehow I'm too dull to see any difference between my guilt for defending a known scoundrel and his for committing the crime itself. It all seemed such a hypocritical play on words in a world long wearied of hypocrisy.

So I quit the law. I have never had cause to regret my decision. I now realize that there are certain basic qualities for the craft, and that I lack them. A happily adjusted lawyer must be one who can lose himself in trivial minutiae while the world blazes at his door, who can sweat blood to sustain a cause that smells of corruption and deceit. He must be able to go on doing this, day after day, and still preserve his balance and self-respect. With all deference to my former colleagues — I found it impossible.

II

Shortly after my admission to the bar I saw that "legal ethics" was a myth. I realized that lawyers, and even courts, have never been able to agree on its definition. During one investigation, probers exposed the Number One Ambulance Chaser

of the American Bar, a lawyer whose volume of business made other ambulance-hounds look like apprentices. He had rigged up a vast organization of runners, with lookouts in a dozen cities, and equipped them with simulated police badges; he published his own organ advertising his exploits, and even maintained free camps to house witnesses and clients. Ambulance chasing? Don't leap at conclusions: the high court said he wasn't really such a bad fellow, and he's still a lawyer in good standing. Try explaining this judicial wizardry to the chaps stripped of their licenses for taking improper acknowledgments as notary publics or possessing intoxicating liquor.

I learned that the word "ethics" sounds the same to a lawyer as to a Balkan diplomat. I found that the Canons of Ethics of the American Bar Association were glossy platitudes recited at annual conventions; to the profession at large, they were no more than fences to scale when the jumping was good. And I came to realize the core of truth in the comment of one lawyer after forty years at the bar: "As a youth I regarded the law as a profession; later, as a highly competitive business; now I'm not sure it reaches the level of a racket."

I refused to believe it at first.

The law was no worse than other professions, each of them with its share of leeches. I learned that wasn't true. Soon after opening my office I was retained by a widow to sue for her husband's death under the wheels of a truck. After interviewing witnesses and examining police records, I saw it was a suicide case; the man had flung himself beneath the vehicle. His walking companion had even made a vain attempt to stay the plunge. I advised the widow to accept the \$100 "nuisance" offer of the trucking company. In a few days I was superseded by a well-known lawyer who promptly instituted suit. On the testimony of newly found "witnesses" to the reckless speed of the truck, which it now appeared had clipped the deceased as he stood on the sidewalk, a new settlement was made. The lawyer's share of the spoils would have paid my office rent for a year.

"Use your head, boy," an older lawyer told me when I related the incident. "Facts are stock in trade. If they don't fit your case, you've got to squeeze and twist them until they do. It's only common sense. You wouldn't play with wolves bare-handed, would you?"

These were different rules from what I had expected. The idea was to get results — no holds barred.

Whether you represent, as I have, a minority stockholder using his action as a "squeeze-play" to unload his stock, an insolvent corporation anxious for the appointment of the "right" receiver, or even a client of the five-and-ten-cent variety, you are hired for one purpose. There's no pay-off in explanations that the law doesn't square with your case.

I learned that a lawyer simply leads with his chin when he relies on the law alone to sustain his case. I led with mine when I lost my first solid client. The editor of a small foreign-language newspaper had consulted me with regard to extortion threats. I advised him to disregard them. Presently a libelous item about the extortioner appeared in an innocuous-looking advertisement in the newspaper; a dull-witted advertising clerk had been bribed to let it pass. Result: a threatened prosecution for criminal libel. I advised the editor that a criminal prosecution was impossible under the law, since criminal intent was utterly lacking. It was the truth, but I misjudged, for after a farcical hearing, an indictment did issue. My client had seen enough. He settled with the racketeer, and the indictment — which served its purpose — still lies unopened in the prosecutor's office.

It might have been worse. Take the case of the lawyer who worked two years preparing intricate litigation, only to be told by an emissary of the judge that the decision was for sale to the highest bidder. Fortunately the sale, affecting property worth several millions, was later discovered and the judge removed. A rare case? Only because of the notoriety it received. The practice is more prevalent than laymen imagine. A lawyer I know grew restless in his poorly paid job in a city bureau. He wangled through his district leader an appointment to a lower-court judgeship. His "sales" were few, but well chosen. In three and a half years his salary totalled \$40,000; he banked \$166,660. He would have finished his term and perhaps gone higher, if a careless move had not removed him from public life. Still another jurist whom I knew, a man who loved to spout weighty tirades on professional ethics, abruptly retired from the bench rather than explain a deposit of \$190,000 later shown to be the proceeds of a single juicy "sale."

I caught on quickly. The business of being a lawyer was more than a matter of splitting hairs or piddling with academic distinctions. It was a cold and practical game, with rules not mentioned in

classrooms or found in lawbooks. I picked them up, bit by bit. I laid my nets far and wide. I cultivated the Bosses, the judges, and their army of flunkies. I moved in the correct circles, always onward, upward. I saw that my work appeared in the right journals, before the right people. With more and bigger fees, I moved to a larger office, hired a secretary. I lectured before law students, presided at their moot court trials, was even made honorary counsel of a civic association. Lawyers sought my services as special counsel. And I delivered the goods. But the essential juice was lacking. The structure was hollow. I was parroting empty phrases, pleading causes for which I had no stomach, twisting the absurd into convincing "reality." I couldn't see myself pouring a lifetime into chicanery. I had to find a different mold.

III

A movement was under way to reduce the waste in bankruptcy and receivership proceedings, and I wanted to be a part of it. I had seen at close range the meatless scraps left for creditors after trustees, receivers, appraisers, and attorneys for the bankrupt had polished off the assets of an insolvent. I had felt

the smouldering rage of laymen at their first brush with the system. And I knew the system from its smallest tendril down to its roots. The movement found the bar lagging far in the rear. Bankruptcy was its pet racket. Only a lawyer out of his mind would try to abolish the system, what with pickings the leanest in many years, with administrative agencies making deep inroads in litigation, and lawsuit volume off 40 per cent in the past decade. "This isn't the time to clean house, son," said the head of an influential law firm. "It's tough enough now paying our rent." There was a general tendency to leave reform up to Congress, to the public, to business — anywhere, except where the graft was hatched. Why uproot a tree that drops so many ripe plums when lawyers and judges do the shaking?

I came to know the lawyers who lived off guardianships, foreclosures, refereehips and special commissions. It was a neat little empire, an arrogant dynasty that grew fat while the ranks went on relief. When some of us pointed out that one out of every ten lawyers in our community was destitute, with over two thousand attorneys earning less than \$20 weekly, a few judges agreed to spread their

favours. Special panels of needy lawyers were made up. The stream of patronage widened for a time, but with rumblings of dissatisfaction from the frightened elders soon narrowed to its usual course.

I found that it was tactless to remind bar meetings of the rising tide of poverty within the profession. I felt the stares of hostility at suggestions that might encroach on the snug world of those living in the trough of judicial favoritism. These plush gatherings were no place to talk about hunger, despair and professional misery. Nor was the bar any more concerned with the world beyond its ranks. In a society dynamic with rapid changes, I felt that lawyers belonged in the van, not the rear, as leaders, not recalcitrant trailers. I resented the brakes of fear, suspicion and petty jealousy on moves that threatened their status quo. When I publicly criticized the dead weight of political appointees in the prosecutor's office and the stupidity of pitting such novices against crafty, high-priced counsel, I was only making articulate what was common sentiment among the entire bar. But it was non-legal agencies that echoed the criticism; the bar was somnolent. It was lawyers who fought a plan to place accident litigation in our state upon a compensation

basis. And it was a lawyer-controlled committee in the legislature that buried the plan. What if practically every impartial observer agreed that the new set-up would result in speedier, more equitable disposition of accident claims, and substantially lower insurance rates? The present slow, shyster-ridden system continues solely because it is far more profitable to lawyers.

Ashady installment house wanted new contracts drawn. When I saw the proposed agreements would develop into a system of brigandage, fleecing gullible purchasers who defaulted on a single payment, I rejected the retainer. The contracts were drawn by another lawyer and the business has since mushroomed into a flourishing racket, with imitators throughout the city — all so carefully nurtured by their legal godfathers that the law affords little, if any, redress. Unlimited are the wonders of lawyer-magic. A few deft touches, and the bucket shop, phony correspondence school, faked accident claim or loan-shark agency shines with legal propriety. I marvel at the elasticity of words in a lawyer's mind. I marvel that he even needs his monumental, seven-volume law dictionary to give him over 50,000 shadings of words and phrases.

The legal profession, I found, is rarely more than just that — the delicate manipulation of words and phrases for the sole purpose of winning favorable verdicts. Justice occasionally filters through the miasma of connivance and deceit. There are spurts toward horizons envisioned by Cardozo, and here and there a Holmes relieves the drag. Such efforts only illumine the vastness of the dreary stretches below. I know that courts are not so much forums for the balancing of equities as arenas for the matching of legal skill. I know that the huge majority of lawyers are driven simply by the instinct for self-preservation, and I know that this drive crushes much in them that is fine and decent.

I quit the law with a consciousness of failure. Measured by income or prestige I have not failed. Measured by ability to juggle the law to varied patterns, to persuade juries to think as I wanted them to, I have not failed. But in finishing what I started, in fitting my habits and viewpoints into the mold of crass opportunism, I have failed

lamentably. Perhaps my stand is all wrong. Perhaps I should have waited in the hope that our shifting American scene would in time transform the lawyer, widen his orbit. Perhaps I should have stayed in the ranks and fought the battle of decency and fair play. But I saw enough to realize that my voice was no more than a whisper in the wilderness. In other work it may make more difference.

Colleagues point out that in my present work I will never know the thrill of courtroom drama or the excitement of a law practice. These are spurious coins that I gladly forfeit. Friends point out I have traded certainty for uncertainty, a good living for a bare sustenance, which is the literal truth. What they overlook is that security and fortune are dregs when purchased with peace of mind. They overlook the fact that some men do not seek for certainty in a world of uncertainty, that some are content with no more than an opportunity to set hand and mind to productive use. Perhaps I am one of them — for I feel strangely content.



THE AMERICAN FREEDOM

BY MATTHEW BILLER

THE American land is a land of freedom
Where liberty's bell rings major notes,
Where folks make rules and laws as they need 'em
And voice their say from reckless throats,
And carry the government under their coats.

There's no sense in driving American people,
They set their pace by the home-town clock;
Their wills are as sharp as the village steeple,
Their wants are precise as the Rector's frock,
Their ways are as stubborn as Plymouth Rock.

American liberties have the flavor
Of tall corn growing, and wheat at prime,
Of wayside stands that have the savor
Of fresh-made hamburgers — two for a dime:
Of buckwheat cakes at breakfast time . . .

Of pine-capped mountains, and far-flung plains,
And houses built by the hands of neighbors;
Of apples sweet with the summer rains,
And cities sprung from the seed of labors:
Of freedom got with muskets and sabers.

The Americans laugh at their schools and teachers,
At the upper class with their social tricks;
They laugh at their presidents, lawyers, preachers,
At the man who cheers and the man who kicks.
They laugh most of all at their politics.

They go to the polls and cast their ballots
(If they've paid their proper taxes and fees),
They open their town hall meetings with mallets
And conduct them pretty much as they please —
They squabble and joke and take their ease.

There is no predicting an American's future
By the wealth or the people he was born amid;
He might grow up as the county moocher,
Or he might build a bridge on the lowest bid . . .
He might go to Washington as Lincoln did.

The American men have an independence
That is born of limitless hills and sky;
They make good soldiers and superintendents,
They know how to reach for a goal set high:
They know how to suffer — they know how to die.

The American way is slow and steady,
But should anyone doubt our will to be free
The encroacher who comes will find us ready —
Though his power be great — let him try and see:
There'll be a rifle back of every tree!



HAST THOU ENTERED INTO THE TREASURE OF SNOW?

BY SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

WALK with no sound
Over what was summer's ground,
Into silence white and deep
Where the stars of winter sleep.
Be cold . . . be very cold.
Here is no world of sun.
The golden sand is run.
The earth is tired and old.
Here any words you say
Will be like cymbals struck
Along the winter day.

► *A challenge to the Church: the rapid expansion of crackpot religions.*

THE LUNATIC FRINGE OF RELIGION

BY FRANK S. MEAD

SINCE the turn of the century some seventeen million Americans have signed up with new religious cults ranging from the esoteric to the spurious. The spiritual trek has been especially notable in the last few years. About twelve million of these converts are said to be deserters from the established Churches — ex-Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews. This mass migration has been a highly lucrative business for a few smart promoters and an object lesson for the Church. We can't dismiss the phenomenon with glib phrases. Whatever the motives and methods of opportunist cult leaders, their success attests a deep religious thirst which is not being quenched by the older orthodox religions.

"Psychiana" claims more than 600,000 in sixty-seven countries. The "Great I Am Movement" claims a million. Father Divine has anywhere from five thousand to five million, depending on his statistical mood. Judge Rutherford, the once-jailed leader of the much-jailed Jehovah's Witnesses, finds

his membership increasing too fast for an estimate: just millions, millions, millions. And the end is not yet.

While priests, parsons and rabbis struggle to keep their memberships and balance their earthly budgets, these and other cults print their application blanks in ten-thousand lots and have money to burn. They are obviously capitalizing on the woes of the have-nots, selling them, by high-pressure methods, escape from fear, insecurity, economic underprivilege, personal frustration and social defeat. The cultists offer a pay-off in the here and now in place of heaven and a harp. They offer resplendent inner consolations to those who have given up hope. And they exploit modern economics, psychology, psychiatry, offering a release that may or may not be spiritual but has become as vital to modern man as bread itself. The opportunist leaders are cashing in on mass desperation.

There is Doctor Robinson, for instance, founder and leader of

Psychiana. Back in 1928 Doc was a shabby little underpaid drug-clerk in Moscow, Idaho. Son of a Baptist minister and himself an unemployed Baptist preacher, Doc had followed the Baptist way of heaven or hell-fire after death. But he resented the inability of the Baptist way to help a man make his pile this side of Paradise. Doc looked at himself — a failure at forty, his wife and children living with father-in-law in the interest of three square meals a day. God, mused Doc, should be able to do better than that for the faithful.

Then, of a sudden, it happened. The Great Light Dawned. Doc had A Personal Talk with God. He simply adjusted himself to the Dynamic, Pulsing, Throbbing Power from the Realm of God That Gave Him Power to Achieve Anything He Wanted. God became a Paymaster, with Power to Change Poverty into Abundance and Power to Change Miserable Defeat into Marvelous Success. It was a System. It was Psychiana, the New Scientific Religion. Doc couldn't keep it to himself. He had to tell the world. He told the world by mail and his return mail was so heavy that he quit the drugstore. From the ends of the earth they answered Doc's advertisement of his new-found faith. A British cot-

ton importer in Egypt sent his photograph and Doc wrote back: "You are to be associated with me in this business. Please send £8000." Within two weeks the money was in Doc's bank account.

Doc sent — still sends — the first lesson free. It outlines the good news but gives away no secrets. Its crash line is aimed at all poor, underpaid drug-clerks and white-collar slaves who have been short-changed under the Baptists, Methodists, et al. . . . "If you join that particular organization (Baptist, Methodist, etc.), and keep up your payments, it will see to it that when you die you will go to this great realm of 'heaven' where God is supposed to be, and 'up there' you will live forever, playing on a harp. . . . This is not the truth of God by any means." Doc had the truth and he'd be glad to pass it on — in a course of twenty lessons at \$1 per lesson. Advanced courses of ten to fifty lessons cost \$10 to \$50 more, \$8 off for cash. While he railed at "keeping up your payments" to the Baptists, Doc demanded his dollar down for his first real Psychiana lesson, and he employed a collection agency to help him.

Wasn't it worth that much, asked Doc? He'd cure them of everything from lovesickness to ruptured appendix. "Through it

(Psychiana) you can accomplish what you will! It is as much your servant as was the fabled lamp of Aladdin. There is no need now for any to be poor and downtrodden. (See money-back guarantee.) Are you poor? The Irresistible Power of the God-Law can give you an abundance of material possessions." Don't be a sap. Don't wait for the harps in heaven. Get it now. I got it. So can you!

Doc got it, indeed. Today he owns the Robinson Professional Building and Moscow's leading drug emporium, a Cadillac for himself and appropriate cars for his family, a mansion equipped with a Wurlitzer pipe organ, the controlling stock in the largest newspaper for miles around, and plenty of cash in "different" banks. "I can take a trip around the world," he points out, "whenever I want to." Out of a thankful heart he has given Moscow a Robinson Park as a municipal playground.

With mass murder and arson filling the headlines, Doc may have feared that his students' enthusiasm might stray from Psychiana. At any rate, he recently launched a new project of especially timely appeal. He calls it the "Spiritual *Blitzkrieg*," and the target, supposedly, is Adolf Hitler. Doc mails out explanatory promotional litera-

ture and *Blitzkrieg* buttons. "The PSYCHIANA *Blitzkrieg*," he points out, "operates simply." Four times daily the student, "visualizing a picture of Hitler, throws the Power of God against him, *consciously*, by repeating several times, 'THE POWER OF GOD WILL BRING YOUR SPEEDY DOWNFALL.'" In order to spread the good work "all over America," Doc goes on to say, he needs "at least \$100,000." This he urges his students and others to contribute by following the example of one hard-working woman student who testifies that she had "\$100 saved up with which I had intended to buy a Government bond. I have decided to send that \$100 to Doctor Robinson, and to call upon other students to make the same sacrifice, denying themselves, if necessary." After all, as Doc himself points out, no sacrifice anyone else makes can be as great "as the sacrifice I have made for this Movement."

Of late it is reported that Doc no longer charges a set fee for Psychiana; his students pay whatever they please — and they are paying more than ever! But reports on how they are making out rubbing the magic lamp are a bit meagre. Not many of them seem to be having Doc's luck, or to have captured

that promised abundance of material possessions. Perhaps it is because they lack his organizing ability and his salesmanship. But they love it and they stick to it, hoping against hope for pay-day.

II

Back in 1911 Edwin J. Dingle was just another journalist in the Far East. But he threw up his reporting job and started hiking through China to get material for his book, *Across China on Foot*. He walked into Tibet, where he met "the last of an age-old chain of wise men" and from him got the ancient, magic key to wealth, health and happiness which he now offers to anyone who can send in a five-spot. It must have taken Brother Dingle some time to realize he had struck pay dirt up there "in the heart of ageless Asia, in the strange land of Tibet," for it is not until after the first World War that we begin to see ads of his Institute of Mentalphysics, established in Los Angeles. Dingle's first book doesn't contain the Ageless Secret. To get that you must buy his later opus, *Borderlands of Eternity*. Dingle has grown with his writings; now he is not merely a journalist, but a geographer and explorer—the mysterious Ding Le Mei, from whom

you too may obtain the Great Secret for \$5 down and \$2 a month for six months.

Mentalphysics is really quite simple. It involves breathing exercises and is like second wind to a swimmer. You are tired, exhausted, spent? Get Mentalphysics and forget it. Ding Le Mei dangles his first bait in the form of a story of a \$5000-a-year advertising man who wanted to make \$10,000 and couldn't — until he suddenly realized that \$10,000, after all, was nothing. His ambition wasn't big enough! So he got hold of himself and began to think in more important terms. Within two years he had a fortune of \$250,000!

Once you know how to do it, promises Ding Le Mei, you can "SLIDE to success like a toboggan speeding down-hill." How? By breathing the Dingle way, by simply releasing the divine spark of Creative Intelligence within you. By listening to and understanding the mystical, mysterious voice of Ding Le Mei. "Once the Kingdom of Power within is found, the daily needs of life, *and even its luxuries* (italics ours) automatically follow." That inner voice, retailed by Dingle, can "Make Our Homes Happy as the Garden of Eden . . . Can Make Us Veritable Gods Among Men — Irresistible, Un-

conquerable, Victorious . . . Magnificent . . . Sublime. . . .”

► Cheap, at \$17.

G. W. Ballard was another West Coast boy who made good on the fringe. Formerly a mining engineer, he got into the business out there in 1930, after a long talk with an eerie Saint Germain on the slopes of Mt. Shasta, and another long talk with Doc Robinson. Doc couldn't make head or tail of Ballard's idea, but he had no objection to Saint Germain's competition as long as Ballard, Germain's Accredited Messenger, didn't "infringe my copyright. I just warned him to keep off my stuff." Ballard kept off, organizing along different but equally profitable lines.

Ballard's story was that Saint Germain gave him a drink of "creamy liquid" that "made my mind gasp with surprise." Germain let him in on a New Law — the Law of Light, Energy and Vibration — which could out-miracle the miracles of Doc and Dingle. The secret of applying the new Law is that the student be loyal to his own life, "The Mighty I Am Presence." Then by a harmony maintained in the FEELINGS, he can release his FULL POWER through Light Rays of the Ascended Masters, Jesus and Saint Germain.

Convincing his flock that he was

the reincarnation of George Washington (Mrs. Ballard was Joan of Arc and their son Donald was Lafayette) the leader promised to cut loose not only on individual shortcomings, inferiorities, complexes and failures, but also on all industrial labor troubles and other national and international problems, especially international war. Ballard's "Great I Am Movement" is intensely patriotic. If only enough Americans become I-Amers, America can yet be saved. As a matter of fact, it was saved once, just a little while back. The faithful have been duly apprised that a gaseous God-force known as K-17 recently destroyed a fleet of hostile submarines off our beloved shores with a Sword of Purple Flame — thanks to Saint Germain.

So students of the Great I Am are reading Great I Am books (\$1 to \$3 each), wearing Great I Am rings (\$12), gazing at Great I Am pictures (\$1 to \$15), and listening to Mrs. Ballard's recorded harp solos (\$3 each). And you can get a Chart of the Magic Presence for from \$1 to \$15. There is no commercialism in all this, say the leaders — "no money or political schemes in or back of this Educational Activity. . . . We give all and ask nothing in return." Yet when this writer asked headquar-

ters for just enough free literature and information to give him an inkling as to what the Great I Am was all about, all he got was a list of books, records, rings and pictures that could be bought, with a type-written admonition that "our business is conducted on the cash basis only, as such is Saint Germain's wish. Therefore we kindly ask for remittance with all orders. Yours in the Service of the Light. . . ." We were directed to the "free loaning library" in Manhattan's Murray Hill Hotel, "where you may borrow books," but we found it neither free nor loaning. Saint Germain's wish was cash on the line.

The Ballards did well. They toured the country in cream-colored limousines, with Mrs. Ballard's harp hitched on a rear bumper; they used only the best hotels. "Daddy" Ballard dressed like a Brummel, Mrs. Ballard graced meditative meetings in stunning evening gowns ablaze with jewels. They were definitely Big Time. When Ballard Senior died in December 1939, son Donald took over the helm, but the heir's ship fouled early. His beauteous young wife detoured from The Light long enough to sue him for divorce, asking \$1200 a month alimony and claiming he had a

monthly income of \$2000. Hardly had she settled out of court when twenty-four of the group's leaders found themselves under indictment for having used the mails to defraud. One of the charges was that the books of Saint Germain ordered the faithful to withdraw funds from banks, life insurance and other investments for "love gifts" to the defendants.

The appeal of the Great I Am is not to the poor, who couldn't afford it. It promises not so much pelf and prosperity as a boost toward power for those who crave it and can't seem to get it elsewhere. There are more complexes and submerged egos and baffled faces in an I Am meeting-room than you'll find concentrated anywhere else on earth. The Movement appeals largely to those so well off in the world that they have nothing to aim at but the exhibition of their inhibitions.

III

Other sects there are whose appeal is less economic and psychological and more religious. A cook on the Santa Fe had a vision, and the Church of God and Saints in Christ was founded. They believe that American Negroes are really the Jews of the "lost tribes," and

were turning their savings over to their "Great Father Abraham" long before Father Divine was heard of. The Church Triumphant holds to "Koreshanity" and believes that we live on the inside of a hollow world. The River Brethren are split into "one-mode" and "two-mode" camps, the one-moders holding that the same brother should both wash and wipe his brethren's feet, the two-moders that one should wash and another wipe. The Church of the Living God believes that Jesus, David, Job and other Biblical figures were Negroes; Jesus was a son of David and David was certainly a Negro, for he said, "I am become as a bottle in the smoke." The Liberal Church of America has an Uncle Sam religion; Godite preachers in the South show their power by letting rattlesnakes bite them. A hundred other tiny sects damn this life and pin their trust on the millennium.

Best known of the other-worldly cults are Jehovah's Witnesses. Forty years ago, when their vociferous prophet, Judge Rutherford, was a young Missouri lawyer, the famous Pastor Russell was preaching hell-fire and Armageddon across the nation and organizing his International Bible Students Association in Brooklyn to which all Witnesses

belong. A zealot from boyhood, he gave the country "Russellism." When he died in 1916, Judge Rutherford caught his mantle, quit the bench, and proceeded to put the Witnesses into the headlines.

The Judge offers his disciples no royal road to riches, no free board and lodging, nor yet any Purple Flame against enemy submarines. He offers nothing but misunderstanding and trouble, the lockup and fractured skulls. They love it. They go happily here and there getting cracked heads and being thrown into jail for the Cause, having their children mobbed in school for refusing to salute the flag and their houses painted a sickly yellow for refusing to paint them themselves. There isn't a dime in it for them — but there is Armageddon, the great battle that will be fought any time now between the hosts of the Devil, in which the clergy and the Churches loom large, and the hosts of the Lord, in which Jehovah's Witnesses loom larger than large.

This world, according to the Witnesses, has been in the hands of the Devil ever since Eve bit that apple; the world being sordid and wicked and impossible, they shun it and hate it as the Devil hates holy water. Inasmuch as there is nothing that any of us can do

about this vicious world, the Witnesses refuse to vote or help make its laws or improve its morals or elevate its politics. Why bother when the world is a hopeless mess, and will stay that way until Armageddon is fought? Then the army of the Lord will triumph, the legions of Satan be wiped out, and 144,000 of the righteous will be saved or "carried through Armageddon" to start the new order with Jehovah-God in charge.

Only a few of those now living will be among the salvaged 144,000; "the major part of these have already passed into glory." The rest, one gathers, will be recruited from the ranks of the Witnesses. That's why they welcome jail terms and knocks over the head; sufferings under the persecutions of this earth are their ticket to safety at Armageddon. One Witness, a little weary of waiting for Armageddon, told us, "Maybe I'm making a fool of myself and maybe I'm crazy, and then again maybe I'm not. What if Judge Rutherford is right? I want to be in on the right side when Armageddon comes. I've been kicked around this world all my life, and I don't intend to be kicked around in the next. I'm just playing safe, that's all."

That's all. He is one of the economically disinherited. And by and

large, he is typical of the masses who flock to the lunatic fringe of religion. There are esoteric titillations for the better-heeled in the I Am brands of consolation, and self-righteous exhibitionism for the comfortably middle-class in the Buchmanite varieties. But the mass movements in the spiritual twilight zone find recruits largely among the very poor. The farther the respectable Christian churches stray from their New Testament spirit as a refuge for the poor and the outraged, the easier the pickings for the cultists of every breed. The more exclusive the established churches become, the sooner the humble and humiliated end up in the hands of the spiritual loan-sharks, where they pay a high price for a distinctly low grade of religious goods.

The lunatic fringe of religion fattens on those who are emotionally starved. They go after those millions of Christians who still want a little heat in their religion, and a little exaltation, but fail to find it in places where great soul-shaking experiences have been replaced by Go-to-Church Week and Bingo Parties for the Lord. Some folks just want to shout, and you can't shout in Saint John's Cathedral; so they become Holy Rollers, ranters, Pentacostalists, Witnesses. Nor are

they as ridiculous as the more even-tempered assume. Granted that they have more than their share of cranks, malcontents and feeble-minded, they are not all to be disposed of with such convenient tags.

Many of them are deeply sincere; they have been through Gethsemane, they are lost pilgrims on the road to Shangri-la. The sound of their marching, it seems to this writer, is a challenge to the Church.

PRIZE WINNERS: CHURCH LETTER CONTEST

IN their October issues *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and *THE READER'S DIGEST* invited readers to reply to Channing Pollock's article, "Why I Don't Go to Church." More than 15,000 letters have poured in from all corners of the world — from Catholics, Protestants and Jews. They came from every state in the Union, from all the American possessions, from bomb-torn England and twenty-one other foreign nations, from laborers and bankers, from ministers, stenographers, clam-diggers, nuns, farmers, union organizers, teachers, magicians and inmates of penitentiaries. In accordance with the original Contest Announcement one contributor was asked to write a full-length article. Roger William Riis won this prize of \$1200. His stimulating article appeared in the January issues of both magazines. The following twenty-one writers of letters each received an award of \$50:

Mrs. Mary Dickerson Bangham, 52 Warder St., Dayton, Ohio; Miss E. C. Murray, 172-90 Highland Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Del Rio, 265 Audubon Ave., New York City; The Cassil Family, 571 Washington Road, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Mr. Lester Howard Perry, Pennsylvania Medical Journal, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mr. Darwin Skinner, 307 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Alfred Andrew Gobell, 9 Hamilton Terrace, London N. W. 8, England; Mr. William A. Smith, 123 Oswald St., Toledo, Ohio; Mr. C. F. Byrnes, *Southwest-Times Record*, Fort Smith, Ark.; Professor H. S. Burr, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Peredur J. Davies, M. V. *James J. Maguire*, c/o Imperial Oil Co., Ltd., Halifax, N. S.; Mr. Roger B. Sherman, Box 396, Roswell, N. M.; Mrs. Eleanor Lampman, 4021 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Frederick D. Eddy, 530 Second Ave., Pelham, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Sheldon Blair, First Presbyterian Church of Ocean City, Md.; Rev. George S. Lackland, The First Church (Methodist Episcopal), New Haven, Conn.; Rev. R. S. Steakley, Mayflower Congregational Church, Englewood, Colo.; Bertrand Weaver, C. P., St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass.; Rev. Earl Livengood, Wilmore, Kansas; Rev. Ralph C. Abele, Evangelical Protestant Church of the Holy Ghost, St. Louis, Mo. The writer of a prize-winning letter from Berlin prefers to remain anonymous.

YOU HAVE TO GET WITH IT

A Story

BY GEORGE WILLIS

IN playing drums, dance drums that is, and especially in the riding bands and playing what the kids call swing, you've got to get with it. Of course you have to get with it on any instrument, but more than any instrument, the drums have to. In fact getting with it *is* drumming. The whole roaring, driving power of drums is nothing more nor less than getting with it. If you can't get with it, and you're a drummer, you have no excuse for playing at all. Except perhaps one.

Rusty Warren was that exception, and he qualified it and himself by not working at the trade; he played only for himself. Every once in a while he would feel it coming on that he was ready to go down to some gin mill — he was known in all of them — to sit in with some little band, get himself very high, and play out what had accumulated since the last time.

You knew immediately he was a musician when he came in. It

wasn't just the long, smooth, oily hair; it wasn't the nervous way his fingers played with his glass as he held it; it wasn't the quick, jerking stride as he walked; it wasn't his self-possession on the bandstand, nor his smooth, sickly pallor. It was a combination of these and the extreme nervous tension. The grabbing puffs of cigarettes, the quick laughs, all about him the air of plucked piano wire. All this would give him away to you, but when you heard him speak in his soft voice about "flogging the tubs" and gently cursing the instruments, and after you'd seen him work — you knew he was a drummer whether he got with it or not. He was a drummer!

How he made a living for himself, or if he did, mattered not at all to those who sat and listened, or to the musicians who let him sit in, or to the managements of the various mills to which he went.

He had an ingratiating way with

him, and when he would step down off the stand after one of his performances that you were very sure he played only for himself, you found yourself buying him a drink. This he accepted as though it was as much his as his music and what he said to you through his music. He never returned the compliment, but through his brief conversation you felt amply repaid, somehow flattered that he had accepted you.

For a young man, he had an unnatural look of age in his eyes and the fierce fires of consuming energy burned his food as fast as he ate it, leaving his body immature, though slightly stooped. He walked a bit stiffly, for the working of the pedals to his bass drum and his sock-pedal had stretched the muscles numb.

He was Rusty Warren, and he said something when he played.

Your tavern would be about half full when he came in. He burst through the door — he was always hurrying like the devil after a drink — hailed the bartenders and went tromping back to the “pit.” His eyes, squinting slightly, would rove from booth to booth searching out his friends; he would speak then and widen his smiles. These friends would be the girls who came to dance together, the girl who came in for a free drink from some-

body, the ladies of the evening. They were most always girls, these friends — though he was in no sense a Don.

Finally he would get back to the pit, where the three men, or sometimes a girl and two men, awaited him. If there was a girl, she was the pianist. There would also be a sax-man (or a trumpet) and a drummer.

Usually he did not have to wait to be asked. The minute he arrived at the railing around the bandstand, someone would say, “Come on up, Rusty!” He would climb eagerly onto the stand and go back and sit on one of the drum cases until the set was over. Then he would say, “How about floggin’ ’em a set, Charlie?” Or Bob, or Bill, or whoever it happened to be.

“Sure.” And the drummer would get up from the drums and go out to the bar to cuff a beer, or dance with one of the girls, or come over to your table to speak infrequently — mostly listen to Rusty and shake his head wisely and sadly.

Rusty would have them play all the old tunes, and it was an especial courtesy they extended to him that while he played he could choose.

First they would play *Blue Skies*, *At Sundown*, and *Melancholy Baby* and tunes like that. But you knew that there was no clue here to the man because the tunes were way

before his time; he wasn't putting as much in them as he could.

Now and then you could hear him singing snatches of the words and breaking this to put a few powerful Negroid beats into it, and you knew that before long he would be going. But in places he would catch himself with his foot on the bass. He wasn't with it, and the saxman would definitely tell him so. Get with it!

So he would go into the old standby, the riding rhythm that has served to soothe or to excite the human being since the beginning, depending upon the intensity with which it is played. He would play it on the tom-toms like the Africans, and the American Indians, and other tribes. Then he would play it on the singing cymbals from Turkey.

You knew when he played it, you could tell by his earnest look, that he was making his last effort to get with it and that if the old standard wouldn't groove him, he would go off for himself. He beat it out as though the tom-tom itself was something that was trying to hinder him from the fullest expression of himself.

Chuck-a-Boom! Chuck-a-Boom!
Chuck-a-Boom!

If you were a little high yourself,

you could almost sense the jungle in it, and the power of that rhythmic, dynamic force penetrated those couples on the dance floor until what dancing had been smooth now became savage.

It had ceased to be music and had now become a hypnosis. And Rusty Warren was hypnotizing himself, muttering into the drums with a concentration almost bestial in its ferocity. He would lift into it almost unconsciously, and the bass drum would be pounding it out from his right foot, the sock-pedal would be singing it with his left, and each hand would flog a tom-tom until he and the drums melted into one surging torrent of rhythm.

Then all of a sudden they would quit playing until somebody set them up beers. If they were a bit slow in forthcoming, Rusty would talk to the crowd through the microphone about it, and his choice of words varied with his degree of drunkenness. But early or late, some grinning man would bring them up beers, and perhaps request a tune if Rusty didn't look too formidable.

This playing and trying to freeze down the beat took quite a while, with the stops for beer, and then you would hear them playing *Memories of You*, and *Blue Turning*

Gray Over You, and *Sunny Side of the Street*, and *Tangleweed*. Then you knew that Rusty had played on Twelfth Street in Kansas City, and if you had been around very long, you knew that he was getting with it a little more.

He would demand breaks that went eight to sixteen bars now instead of four between choruses. And when a man wants half a chorus on drums, who stands up and loudly insists on it, you've got a drummer who is ready to go.

And he began to sing now. Not the regular words, but lyrics of his own. There is a song titled *Exactly Like You* which the cats play, and the first line goes, "I know why I waited; promised to be true . . ." He sang it, "Why should I have waited . . ." That will give you the idea. His voice was nothing, really, but the way he used it sort of got into you.

The rhythm became machine-like in its regularity, and in the warm glow of your beer and the beat of the drum, you would get to thinking, "That rhythm is like life. Life in the city, anyway," and all sorts of philosophies. And then Rusty Warren would become the symbol of different things like the "system" and "machine age" and "modern primitive" and most of all "progress" because he was

playing the beats out of Africa.

That usually gave you a good sardonic laugh.

When he came down off the stand during those brief intermissions and walked over to your table on his stiff legs — not of course to speak to you but to the drummer — nothing you could say about his playing affected him. You would say, "Great work," in an offhand, jovial, good-fellow style, and he wouldn't even look at you as he murmured his thanks. If you said, "Playing a little loud, aren't you?" he would turn quickly, saying, "I'm sorry. I'm so busy I didn't notice."

During these times, the various girls would come around, all of whom he knew by name, and an invisible wall that you could feel came up around him. He was quietly polite, but not one of them could crack through to him. It was a challenge.

After one of these times, you asked the drummer sitting with you (and drinking a beer you had bought him) just why he shied them off the way he did.

"D'ju see him when he came in? He's always alone. And I mean always!"

And while they were playing *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and *Blue Heaven*,

and he was singing *Moon Glow* with that voice that got you, you began to get some of it straight. He was with it now, taking whole choruses, sometimes taking it solo after the tune was supposed to be over. These were the best times. If you let go of yourself the same way he did, if you really listened to him, he would play you symphonies. There were themes in his work, and he developed them, and his bass licks had a contrapuntal value that you never heard before simply because no one had ever played them on a bass drum before. That was it.

Then your friend would break in on the dream you lived through those passages with something like, "He used to be terrible. That was when he was married. His wife took it out of him."

You wished the young man would quit prattling and that Rusty would play again. And he would, getting quieter and more reserved in manner as he got higher and more insistent on the drums.

Then one night you got to talk to him, and had to pay for it with a hamburger and a bowl of chili. You were lucky that the menu was so limited. If they had served steak, Rusty would have had one.

In starting a conversation with

one of the cats, there are several things you don't do. You don't above all tell him that you "used to play" something. And you don't say that you always wanted to play something. You are very icky if you mention music at all. The procedure is the same as that for salesmen, retailers, brokers and other people who live in the daylight. You say, "How's business?"

"I'm drumming up a little," he said and smirked.

There were some things you wished to tell him. About his music and how it spoke to you, and that you understood it and how it came about, and then perhaps get the whole story from him. Girls?

"Some nice stuff in the joint tonight."

"Yeah, but don't touch 'em."

He moved the chair around and looked at you while he nervously fiddled with cigarettes. He had the hardest time getting one lighted of anyone you ever saw.

"I've had my fill of 'em, anyway. Strictly poison, my friend."

You heartily agreed, but mentioned the fact that a man hasn't a chance.

"Would you like to hear a good lesson about women?" He poured a handful of crackers into his chili

and started stuffing it into his mouth with a large spoon, waving the hand that held the cigarette for emphasis.

You certainly would because you were slipping a little yourself, and that was why you spent so much time holed up in the gin mills.

"Look," he said, "I'm walking down to a friend's one night and when I get there, he's got two dames with him. So I gotta take one of them off his hands. Umph," he pinged a glass with his spoon for punctuation, "I'm a goner. I'm overboard. It was country, see, and in this business you get so that every time you see something nice and fresh and clean, you go nuts.

"First thing you know we got an apartment. Next thing you know I'm to go respectable and quit playing. I was pretty fair then, but after she got on me I got terrible. Not nagging, mind you, just the atmosphere around." This all came out with a rush, and you knew that there was more penned up in him.

"Well, I always said a man picked out his business because that was where he got his kicks. I mean that if you like selling vacuum cleaners, or being a farmer, that's what you ought to do," he was talking with his hands, "because in these times you only work for the fun of it, anyway. But it didn't sell out to

her at all." He choked down a bit of hamburger and the waiter asked him if he wanted anything to drink.

He'd had something to drink, he said, and when he finished laughing, he turned back to you.

"So the first thing you know, off she goes back to papa and his beautiful billfold. Next thing you know I get a letter that I am now out in the cold and will I write out a transfer of properties, which hands me a laugh because we ain't got any."

He turned for water as you traced the red and white checks of the tablecloth with your finger and waited for him to continue. You could see that it was hitting him, this memory of wrong — he seemed to get higher and higher as he went along and now he had to peer at you to see.

"Funny about that. You're dancing along and all of a sudden you still got the band, but you haven't got any floor under you. Took me about six months to calm down." He sighed to show you how calm he was.

"You know what it was? It wasn't losing her that did it, it was the freedom. I was free to play again, but she still had me where I couldn't. Then I began to tighten up in here" — he patted his abdomen. "I could feel myself coming

together again. It keeps getting tighter all the time."

Then he remembered you. "That's why," he said, "sometimes I play a little loud. I got to burn down my stomach. Kind of funny, ain't it? Up here" — he touched his chest, meaning his heart — "I'm empty. Down here" — he patted his abdomen again — "I get stronger all the time. I wonder why I could never get with it with her. Like I am now on the tubs, I mean."

While you were getting something appropriate to say, he changed places with the drummer who had the job. Just like that he was gone, and instead of being a confidant, you had again become a customer, and probably a goof.

Then he would be playing *Honky Tonk Train*, and as he was playing beats that rocked the base of your brain and you were going up and out of the world, the young man said in a voice pitched above the music, "Then she went back to the farm, and he takes it out on the tubs."

You ignored him and he shouted again, "That's what he's doing. Taking it out on the tubs."

"Well if he is — let all drummers' wives go back to the farm."

"That ain't it. If this keeps up,

he'll kill himself on 'em in another six months. He's walking on his heels now. You can't play that way without going slap-happy. The old bean can't stand it. You give out too much."

When they played *Little Rock Get Away*, you knew that he was right. Rusty Warren was slap-happy, and he was a madman, and you could see that he wasn't creating anything, he was exhuming something into the air that he wished to be rid of. Something lovely, like white wine, which had now soured with exposure to our air and times. And what he played had been stored there so long, and the hurt and the ironic laughter came from his drums to leave his empty being sane.

He sat up there with a soft mallet in each hand throbbing out beats and words and songs, mumbling into them as if they were some magic potion, and crashing cymbals of slivering tones, the clatter of shattered illusions falling to the beer-soaked flooring of the pit. And he looked like a demon, a witch doctor if you will, calling out a message with his face set in a hard, pale, frightened smile. The reeking pit was his chapel and his drum a call to Masses as much as to say, "If you are frightened here in this forest of stone, I will beat

down your fears with my mallets.”

So he did after all become a symbol of the city, and the farm movement, pro and con, and the modern primitive, and all those things you like to talk of.

You turned to the young man and wanted to know what damn business it is of a wife how a man makes her living. But you didn't understand, it seemed. There was very little prestige in the work, and no money at all — both of which irritated wives. And when your wife was irritated, she in turn irritated you and you couldn't play, couldn't get with it.

“His mind got musclebound,” the young man said, “from thinking about her.”

You hadn't known before that a musician could do anything but

play; you hadn't known that a drummer could love a woman; you hadn't known that any man could love a woman that much. But more than that, you did know that in every man there is something that he must get with, drive him where it may, for without it he is nothing.

“Sometimes it's a little rough,” Rusty had said, “but you had to get with it.”

And you glanced up at the clenched teeth, the stark cords of his neck as he strained into a mighty, deep tom-tom roll that brought cries from the crowd, and you knew that an awful operation was going on inside that heaving chest, and that the crowd was applauding the gyration of a man hanging his heart out to dry.



Intellectual Fallacies

IX

That a large brain denotes exceptional intelligence.

Comment: Just another dangerous generalization. True, the brains of many distinguished men have been unusually large and heavy: that of the eminent naturalist Cuvier, for instance, weighed 60½ ounces, whereas only about 48 ounces of the average man in the prime of life is brain. On the other hand, brains weighing over 60 ounces often animate quite undistinguished people, and have been reported in idiots. The mysterious brain consists partly of tissues inert as regards intellectual activity. Popular fancy reflected an unsolved mystery of psychology when it coined the terms “fathead” and “highbrow.” — W. D.

► *Nazis and Fascists are engaged in
a ruthless campaign aiming at*

THE ANNIHILATION OF FREEMASONRY

BY SVEN G. LUNDEN

THERE is only one group of men whom the Nazis and the Fascists hate more than the Jews. They are the Freemasons. In Italy, indeed, the anti-Jewish feeling is of recent vintage and largely artificial, whereas the blackshirt hatred of Freemasonry is old and deep. In their own countries Hitler and Mussolini inaugurated their respective reigns with outrages against Masons and Masonic institutions, and they have never relaxed the systematic persecution. Now Nazi conquests of other European nations—whether by invasion or forcible “persuasion”—are followed automatically by hostile measures against Freemasons. From Norway to the Balkans, the progress of the Swastika has brought outlawry, and often vandalism and death in its wake for all Masons. The anti-Semitic excesses have been widely reported, the anti-Catholic outrages have had considerable publicity, but the merciless totalitarian assaults on Freemasonry have not received a tithe of the world-wide attention they

richly merit. They are practically an unknown chapter.

Nazi and Fascist publications leave no doubt of their belief that all evil in the world, from the high mortality rate among the dinner guests of the Borgias down to the Versailles Treaty, has been the work of Freemasons, alone or with the help of Israel. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler merges his twin phobias:

The general pacifistic paralyzation of the national instinct of self-preservation, introduced into the circles of the so-called “intelligentsia” by Freemasonry, is transmitted to the great masses, but above all to the bourgeoisie, by the activity of the great press, which today is always Jewish.

And one of the first official statements made by Hermann Goering in his capacity as Prime Minister of Prussia, when the Nazis took over power in 1933, was that “in National Socialist Germany there is no place for Freemasonry.” That view was not news. It had run through all the Nazi propaganda and had been an intrinsic part of the Fascist attitude in Mussolini’s realm.

After the German debacle of 1918, the frustrated man who had been the virtual master of Germany's destinies, General Erich Ludendorff, sought an outlet for his bitterness in diatribes against Freemasonry. Right up to his death, Ludendorff devoted himself wholly to propaganda intended to prove that the war, the ensuing German revolution, and most other world ills had been the doing of the Masons. He published a pamphlet entitled *Annihilation of Freemasonry Through the Revelation of Its Secrets* wherein the so-called secrets of Freemasonry were "revealed" for the hundredth time since the foundation of the Order in 1717, without, however, annihilating Masonry. The senile general's main thesis was that Freemasonry is a Jewish device intended to make "artificial Jews." On one page the hand that had led Germany to disaster in 1918 wrote: "It is cheating the people to fight the Jew while allowing his auxiliary troop, Freemasonry . . . to function."

The Nazis continued where Ludendorff left off. But others had preceded them in Mason-baiting. In 1917, as one of their first acts, the Bolsheviks dissolved all lodges in Russia. In 1919, when Bela Kun proclaimed the dictatorship of the

proletariat in Hungary, one of his first decrees ordered the dissolution of Masonic lodges. In 1925, Spain's first dictator of this generation, General Primo de Rivera, ordered the abolition of Freemasonry in his country.

Benito Mussolini went about the same business more methodically. Having established his regime, Il Duce proceeded step by step to exterminate the lodges and the influence of Italian Freemasonry. Even the Nazi apostle, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, has admitted in his book *Masonic World Policies* that the Freemasons had been the creators of the united democratic Kingdom of Italy. But this did not win them any mitigation of horrors at the hands of ultra-patriotic Fascists. In 1924, Mussolini decreed that every member of his Fascist Party who was a Mason must abandon one or the other organization. Thereupon General Cappello, one of the most prominent Fascists, who had held the post of Deputy Grand Master of *Grande Oriente*, Italy's leading Grand Lodge, gave up membership in Fascism rather than betray his Masonic ideals. He was to pay dearly for this loyalty. Less than a year later, he was charged with complicity in an attempt on Mussolini's life. It was a palpable frame-up by an OVRA

stoolpigeon named Quaglia, but General Cappello was sentenced to thirty years in prison, where he probably still lingers.

In the summer of 1925 Mussolini got around to dissolving Italian Freemasonry. In an open letter to Il Duce, the Grand Master of the *Grande Oriente*, Domizio Torrigiani, had the courage to stand up for democracy and freedom of thought. The price he paid was exile to the Lipari Islands. After nearly going blind there, he died soon afterwards. Hundreds of other prominent Masons shared the harsh Lipari exile with him. At the peak of the anti-Mason agitation, in 1925-27, blackshirt strong-arm squads looted the homes of well-known Masons in Milan, Florence and other cities, and murdered at least 100 of them.

The Nazis acted more swiftly. Immediately on Hitler's rise to power, the ten Grand Lodges of Germany were dissolved. Many among the prominent dignitaries and members of the Order were sent to concentration camps. The Gestapo seized the membership lists of the Grand Lodges and looted their libraries and collections of Masonic objects. Much of this loot was then exhibited in an "Anti-Masonic Exposition" inaugurated in 1937 by Herr Dr. Joseph

Goebbels in Munich. The Exposition included completely furnished Masonic temples.

The persecution was carried over into Austria when the country was captured by the Nazis. The Masters of the various Vienna lodges were immediately confined in the most notorious concentration camps, including the horrible living hell at Dachau in Bavaria. The same procedure was repeated when Hitler took over Czechoslovakia, then Poland. Immediately after conquering Holland and Belgium, the Nazis ordered the dissolution of the lodges in those nations. It was also Point One on the agenda of Major Quisling in Norway. It may be taken as part of the same ugly picture that General Franco of Spain in 1940 sentenced all Freemasons in his realm automatically to ten years in prison. When France fell last June, the Vichy government caused the two Masonic bodies of France, the *Grand Orient* and the *Grande Loge* to be dissolved, their property being seized and sold at auction.

The countries which are still ostensibly independent, but actually under the heel of Germany, must prove their conformity to the Nazi pattern by taking harsh measures against Masonry. In Hungary the dissolution of the lodges

was unnecessary because they were never allowed to resume after Bela Kun was overthrown. Mason-baiting is the one "principle" on which White Terrors and Red Terrors have always agreed. Rumania recently prohibited Freemasonry to prove its subservience to Germany. Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, inhabited by a levelheaded and tolerant peasantry, were also obliged to enact the twin sets of laws — anti-Semitic and anti-Masonic — that demonstrate "friendship for Hitler."

The summary does not begin to convey the full terror of the Calvary to which Freemasonry has been subjected wherever the totalitarians took power. Murder, imprisonment, economic looting, social outlawry have been the bitter lot of individual Masons. Rapine has been the fate of their organizations, their treasures, their institutions of charity.

II

Why does this implacable and fanatic hatred of the Order obsess the totalitarian mind? The answer is in the whole history and temper of Freemasonry. For more than two centuries its leaders have been consistently on the side of political freedom and human dignity, reap-

ing a harvest of persecution at the hands of tyrants. Before going into that, however, we must distinguish clearly between two things: Freemasonry and Freemasons. The chief trick of Mason-haters through the generations, a trick followed by the Nazis, is to direct their accusations not against Freemasons personally but against the whole Masonic Order.

Freemasonry is made up of Masonic bodies: lodges, Grand Lodges and other groupings. All of these scrupulously refrain from meddling in politics or any other subject not directly related to Masonic matters or charity. The Constitution of the Order stipulates that every member must be a loyal citizen of his country, and it professes adherence "to that religion in which all men agree" — that is, belief in a Divine power, in morality and in charity. In contrast to narrow nationalism, it believes in serving Humanity as a whole. That is all that the Masonic Order itself professes and is interested in. What individual Masons do as citizens of their respective countries to serve the ideals they personally believe in, is their own business.

This attitude is no subterfuge. On the contrary, the enlightened Freemason not only admits but prides himself in the fact that mod-

ern democracy and human progress owe so much to the heroism and idealism of individual Freemasons. Unless he is a very naïve person he will also admit that the lodge is a place where congenial people meet to gather that moral strength which they need to stand up for the ideals of liberty and equality outside the lodge. At the same time, however, to true Masons the lodge is hallowed ground, and inside its gates politics and the other concerns of the market-place are taboo.

Some of the less critically-minded Masons like to trace the origins of the Order back to ancient Egypt. But in its present form, Freemasonry originated in England, probably in the Seventeenth Century, while the first Grand Lodge was founded in London in 1717 and the regulations, by-laws and constitutions of Masonry were laid down in what is known as Anderson's Constitutions in 1722-23. The spiritual elements underlying these precepts were decidedly "advanced" for their time, emphasizing as they did tolerance for other men's religions and the brotherhood of all human beings.

The intellectual and spiritual foundations of modern democracy, including the American Revolution and the American Constitution, are to be found in large part in

the teachings of Jean Jacques Rousseau and in the ideas cemented into the great first Encyclopedia. And it is a fact that most of the authors of that epoch-making Encyclopedia — Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, the famous Swiss philosopher Helvetius, etc. — were Freemasons. The envoy to France from the rebellious American colonies, Benjamin Franklin, also was an ardent Freemason. So were George Washington, sixty among his generals, John Hancock and a great many of his co-signers of the Declaration of Independence. Both Washington and Franklin long held the post of Grand Master.

The most distinguished among the Masonic lodges of Paris in the Eighteenth Century was the "Lodge of the Nine Sisters" — that is, the nine Muses — and its membership included the intellectual cream of France. When Voltaire paid a visit to Paris in the year of his death, at the age of 79, he was initiated into Freemasonry in this lodge. The climax of the ceremony came when Brother Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia handed to Voltaire the Masonic apron which the great Helvetius had worn before him. Voltaire raised the apron to his aged lips.

Six years before that memorable day, something even more mem-

orable happened in Boston. It has come down in history as the Boston Tea Party. And it is no secret that the "Indians" who dumped the cargo on December 16, 1773, had emerged from the building which housed the St. Andrews Lodge, the leading Masonic body in Boston. Their job done, the "Indians" were seen to troop back to the lodge building — and no Indians ever again emerged from the lodge. Instead, a lot of prominent Bostonians, known to be Masons, did emerge. And in the book which used to contain the minutes of the lodge and which still exists, there is an almost blank page where the minutes of that memorable Thursday should be. Instead, the page bears but one letter — a large T. Can it have anything to do with Tea? It is perhaps the only instance in the history of Freemasonry where a lodge, as a body, has taken an active part in politics.

III

Practically everywhere, *individual* Masons have thus been in the forefront in movements of liberation. Goethe, who considered himself a European more than a German and so often criticized his fellow-Germans, was a fervent Freemason, as was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Mozart's opera *The Magic Flute* is full of allusions and symbolism relating to Freemasonry. In fact, its theme is the search for truth and the victory of tolerance over the fanaticism that springs from ignorance, a theme which Mozart shared with his brother Masons. But few Masons today, listening to the delightful tunes of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, realize that they are enjoying a "revolutionary" play, set to music by a Mason who believed in the "revolutionary" principle of the equality of all men. Beaumarchais' Figaro comedy was written and staged under Louis XV of France as an attack against the prevalent feudal social system. Mozart's choice of this play, at a time when the success of the young American democracy was firing the imagination of the world, was not accidental.

Hébert, André Chénier, Camille Desmoulins and many other "Girondins" of the French Revolution were Freemasons. The Masonic ideal of freedom was strong in the heart of a Frenchman who became a Mason while in the youthful United States of America — the Marquis de Lafayette. He remained an enthusiastic Mason all his life, and was until his death in 1829 Grand Master of the *Grand Orient de France*.

And during the whole of the Nineteenth Century, to be a Freemason was tantamount to being a champion of democracy. Many of the leaders in the great year 1848, which saw so many uprisings against feudal rule in Europe, were members of the Order; among them was the great Hungarian hero of democracy, Louis Kossuth, who found a temporary refuge in America. Like Kossuth, another celebrated champion of democracy, Giuseppe Garibaldi, was a thirty-third degree Freemason and Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons. Most of the leaders of the Young Turkish Committee, which in 1908 forced Sultan Abdul Hamid "the Damned" to give his nation a parliamentary form of government, and who deposed the "Red Sultan" in the following year, were likewise Masons. In Latin America, too, the process of liberation from the Spanish yoke was the work of Freemasons, in large measure. Simon Bolivar was one of the most active of Masonry's sons, and so were San Martin, Mitre, Alvear, Sarmiento, Benito Juarez — all hallowed names to Latin Americans.

Thus, while the Order as such kept out of politics, it attracted to itself the most democratically minded, the champions of human decencies — and won for itself the

undying hatred of those who feared progress. Yet Masonry has never been a subversive movement. In countries where democracy is a reality, even Royalty belongs to the Order. Both King George VI and the Duke of Kent are Freemasons; so is the Duke of Windsor. His grandfather, Edward VII, was the chief of British Masonry, and he was succeeded in the post by the aged Duke of Connaught. King Gustav V heads the Freemasons of Sweden.

It is clear, consequently, why the Nazis and Fascists and Bolsheviks must hate an organization so steeped in humanitarian traditions. They know that Masons, as individuals, have founded a great number of modern democratic states, have drafted the Declaration of Independence and created liberal Constitutions the world over. But the totalitarian hatred for the Order is not merely emotional. It is clearly defined in the fundamental divergence between their creed and the Masonic ideal. In his book to which we have already referred, the Nazi Dr. Rosenberg writes:

Without doubt the Masonic dogma of Humanity is a relapse into worlds of the most primitive conceptions; everywhere where it is put into practice it is accompanied by decadence, because it conflicts with the aristocratic laws of Nature.

Thus in his own dogmatic terms he indicts Freemasonry for what is its greatest pride, its ideal of equality.

In 1938 Hitler's own publishing house, which puts out both *Mein Kampf* and the official *Völkischer Beobachter*, issued a volume on *Freemasonry, Its World View [Weltanschauung], Organization and Policies*. The preface is written by Herr Heydrich, second in command of the Gestapo, and hence an expert on oppression and violence, and hints openly at the seizure of the libraries and property of German Freemasonry. The book itself, by one Dieter Schwarz, discloses that every new Nazi member must "confirm by his word of honor that he does not belong to a Masonic lodge." In outlining the official Nazi view on the subject, it says in part:

Nordic is the Nazi conception of the world, Jewish-Oriental that of the Freemasons; in contrast to the anti-racial attitude of the lodges, the Nazi attitude is race conscious. . . .

Masonic lodges are . . . associations of men who, closely bound together in a union employing symbolical usages, represent a supra-national spiritual movement, the idea of Humanity . . . a general association of mankind, without distinction of races, peoples, religions, social and political convictions.

I have read several hundred books about Freemasonry and scores of original Masonic documents. But never have I seen Masonry's basic ideals expressed more clearly than by its mortal enemies in the passage italicized above. Herr Heydrich and Herr Schwarz are right — the gulf between their *Weltanschauung* and Masonic ideals can never be bridged.



British Propaganda Against Mussolini

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROME, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 R When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?

— *Julius Caesar*, Act I: Sc. 2.

REJUVENATION AND SEX

BY RENÉE VON EULENBURG-WIENER

ALL the talk about "monkey gland" operations that was controversial news a few years ago has subsided. Its passing has left most people wondering how much truth there was in those stories of miraculous rejuvenation and restored potency. If they were accurate, how long did the effects last? And what, if anything, has medical science done since then in mankind's quest for youth? A broad answer is that scientists are still investigating the relationship between sex and bodily characteristics, including senility, as they were doing long before the press got hold of the spectacular angle of their work that made big news. Physicians and surgeons are putting the more convincingly demonstrable of their discoveries into practice. A new approach — sex hormone therapy — has been applied with remarkably promising results. Today, indeed, sex hormone treatment is largely taking the place of the so-called "monkey gland" operations.

Behind these various techniques,

however, is the same basic theory: that there is a fundamental relationship between loss of sexual potency and senility, or, conversely, between sexual vigor and vigorous youth. When a man grows old, it is argued, he loses his potency; *ergo*: restore his potency and you restore his youthfulness. This seems to have been the theory put into crude practice by the ancient Chinese who partook of the dried and ground genitalia of the stag, by medieval alchemists who used similar sexual material in their "elixirs of youth," and by savages who consumed the gonads of their slain enemies. Perhaps they had much the attitude of many rejuvenation patients today: restore the potency and let the youth take care of itself. At any rate, the same theory was behind the "monkey gland" operations for which Dr. Serge Voronoff of Paris became famous almost overnight.

At the time the Voronoff "monkey gland" operations were announced it was reported that Dr. Eugen Steinach of Vienna was

doing much the same work by a different method. It was rumored, too, that somebody was making roosters lay eggs and hens crow. People received the stories of human rejuvenation with mingled ridicule, wonder and hope, and regarded the hen-into-rooster reports with frank skepticism. Man might conceivably be able to regain his potency if endowed with monkey glands through the efforts of a surgeon, but no amount of scientific legerdemain could make a cackler crow.

Actually, the case was rather different. Not only had experiments with chickens been made some sixty years before Steinach performed his first successful operation on a human, but the work of Berthold, in 1850, was a necessary preliminary to that of both Steinach and Voronoff and led far more directly to today's relatively simple, often quite effective method of "rejuvenation" through sex hormone therapy. By injecting testicular extract into the blood streams of capons — male chicks rendered sexless by castration — Berthold succeeded in growing combs and wattles, the secondary sexual characteristics of the rooster. He also originated the biological method in use today of determining the amount of sex hormone in a given

quantity of extract. The capon is still one of the chief test animals used for this purpose in modern sex hormone therapy. The quantity of hormone administered to the patient seeking rejuvenation is measured in terms of that which produces a definite growth of comb and is called a "capon unit."

Between Berthold's capon experiments and the "monkey gland" operations performed on prominent patients by Voronoff and Steinach, there had yet to be a great deal of animal experimentation. But the research man of science is often enthusiastic enough about his work to offer himself as a human guinea pig. The story of sex hormone therapy, too, has its hero in that respect, the famous French physiologist Charles Edward Brown-Sequard. At seventy, he was unable to do a satisfactory day's work; his pictures show him a feeble, depressed old man with drawn face and sagging cheeks. Tormented by fears of approaching senility, he made an extract of dog's testicles and injected it into his own system. Within a short time he experienced renewed vigor, increased mental capacity and a return of sexual power. A picture taken after the treatment shows a fullness of face, a look of optimism, an evident sense of well-being and

joie de vivre. He lived seven years after instituting the self-treatment, dying of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1894.

II

While it was all very well for a courageous and aging scientist to experiment on himself, many more years of extensive trial and error with animals were required. It was not until 1920 that Dr. Steinach published the results of his successful operations on human beings. Steinach in his animal experiments employed not only castrated or immature animals but aged ones as well. By that time surgery had made possible the transplantation of organs from one animal into another. Steinach used this transplantation method and during his research stumbled on the fact that by injuring the excretory duct of the testicle so that the spermatozoa could no longer leave the gland, an apparent reactivation of the organism — a new lease on life — sometimes resulted. The famous Steinach method of rejuvenation — the vasoligation method — consists of tying off the excretory duct. This is a direct offspring of his experiments with transplantation, which was the method used altogether by Voronoff. In fact, the

original transplantation method was applied by one of Steinach's co-workers in 1915 to a man who had been accidentally castrated.

This patient, a soldier twenty-five years of age, happened to be in a hospital when another soldier presented himself for a hernia operation. In the course of the pre-operative examination the second man was found to have one undescended testicle which would have to be removed in any case. It was decided to transplant half of the removed testicle into each groin of his comrade. The latter, Steinach reports, had begun to show "all signs of castration: loss of secondary hair, excessive adiposity, lethargy and excessive fatigue." After the operation, however, he led a normal adult life, married, and was potent. Later, when Steinach perfected the vasoligation or tying-off method he performed it, among others, on an eighty-three-year-old banker who at eighty had lost his fortune and was in such condition that he was unable to earn a living. Extremely feeble, suffering from failing eyesight, urinary difficulties, heart trouble and pronounced overweight when Steinach performed the operation, he began shortly to show marked signs of improvement. Six months after the operation his posture, which had been

stooped, became erect, he had no more heart attacks or dizzy spells, his sight improved, urinary difficulties vanished and his appearance became much more youthful. For a year and a half thereafter he worked successfully.

While Steinach was busy in Vienna, Voronoff in Paris was concentrating on transplantation exclusively. With animals and later with men, he confined himself at first to transplants obtained only from animals of the same species: dog gonads to the dog, ape gonads to the ape. It was when, in 1926, he published his method of transplantation of ape testicles to man and the names of a few of the more prominent of his patients were hinted at that the story became news and the "monkey gland" operation common talk. As a matter of fact, in the transplantation of ape testicles to man, Voronoff used mainly the chimpanzee as donor. The animal, he found, must be healthy, and its age was of great importance to the result. The age of the ape can be determined by the color and size of its canine teeth, which must be light yellow and longer than the incisors.

Sensational results have been claimed for the Voronoff operation, partly, no doubt, because it was so widely discussed. Such re-

sults have been equally disputed. Its success depends on the graft's "taking" and becoming part of the organism into which it has been transplanted. For this purpose it is necessary that the blood vessels of the surrounding tissues of the recipient grow into the transplanted tissue. As little time as possible must elapse between the removal of the foreign testicle from the donor and its transplantation. Only a section of the foreign testicle is used. It must be neither so small as to have no chance to survive nor too large to become invested with blood vessels. Since transplanted tissue will thrive only if it is placed in an environment that closely resembles the natural one, Voronoff always chose the inner scrotum as the site of the graft.

The results of the Steinach operation have been said to endure, at best, for a period of from two to twelve months; while those of a successful Voronoff operation are reputed to last for from two to three and a half years. Immediately after the Voronoff operation a psychic and sexual stimulation of very short duration sets in and is followed by a sense of disappointment lasting several months. Then a gradual improvement becomes noticeable in the successful cases.

However, since it has not been proven that the Voronoff, Steinach and similar operations result in the introduction of an additional amount of sex hormone into the blood stream, many modern scientists have found their beneficial results hard to explain. One explanation is the mind-over-matter theory, the power of the emotions and the mind to rally in the presence of hope and optimism — a phenomenon well known to physicians — the feeling that, through surgery, “something is being done about it.” Another theory is that in the Steinach method, with the tying off of the duct, there begins a degeneration of the tubular tissue which throws off a decomposition product that, like poison, summons the body’s rallying powers to its self-defense. Such an analysis may seem fantastic until it is remembered that the administration of foreign protein, as in the once famous milk injections, to produce a stimulation of the cellular defense mechanism is on a similar principle and one of the successful modern methods of treating certain infectious diseases.

With many critics of Steinach and Voronoff, Dr. Kenneth Walker, a British authority on modern rejuvenation methods, considers that the results of the Voronoff

operation are insignificant and doubtful even in cases where human material is used, and still more so where the transplanted material comes from the chimpanzee. Some of the patients who had had Steinach or Voronoff operations were convinced that they had helped them, but it is agreed that there may well be a strong psychic factor in such results. It has not been substantiated, for instance, that the results of the Voronoff operations endure for between two and four years. There seems to be some evidence in support of the contention of critics that the action of these operations can be compared to the spurring of a tired horse, and that they may result in actual shortening of life or in collapse following a short period of increased well-being.

III

In the view of modern science the surgical methods of Voronoff and Steinach fall far below today’s sex hormone therapy. Since the laboratory isolation of the sex hormone and the determination of its chemical nature, very little has been heard about the “monkey gland” methods in rejuvenation treatment. Sex hormone therapy has largely supplanted them. The aim

is no longer merely the substitution of vigorous glands for the aging glands of the patient or an attempt to stimulate the body's own secretion of sex hormones, but to increase the actual supply by adding a known quantity of sex hormone to the blood stream.

The sex hormone is a chemical substance secreted into the blood stream by the gonads: the ovaries and testicles. The production of this chemical by the sex glands depends on the activity of the pituitary gland. Situated at the base of the brain, the pituitary is a two-lobed gland, not much bigger than a large pea. Small and remotely situated, it stimulates the secretion of the sex hormones by the gonads and so is ultimately the source of sexuality. The sex hormone does not directly influence sterility or its lack because it does not directly influence the production of germ cells (the ovum and spermatozoa), but it does control sexual desire and ability: potency in the male, estrus in the female. It also controls the growth, from childhood into puberty, of the sex organs and of the secondary sexual characteristics — the breasts of the female, the deepened voice of the male, etc. — and the maintenance and functioning of the sex organs in maturity.

The two sex hormones, male and female, are closely related chemically so that there is no sharp division between them, and the bodies of both men and women, as well as those of male and female animals, contain some portion of the hormone of the opposite sex. The total amount of sex hormones present in the blood stream of the average man consists of about three-quarters male and one-quarter female hormones, while the average woman's blood stream contains two-thirds female and one-third male. Thus, all males have some measure of the female in their natures, and all females some measure of the male, this factor varying in individuals.

Of the commercial sources of sex hormones used in modern therapy, urine — both human and animal — is of great importance. The urine of pregnant women and that of stallions are especially good sources of female hormone. Recently the soy bean came into the picture when it was found that substances similar to sex hormones could be derived synthetically from a chemical obtained from this most versatile of the legumes. Among the substances in the ordinary diet which contain more than a small amount of sex hormone are potatoes, beets and grain, and those

foods which are rich in vitamins A and E.

With the production of sex hormone preparations on a commercial scale, the treatment of symptoms of aging and sexual debility by means of injections and other methods of administration began to be practiced more widely. At first, sex hormones were given almost entirely by injection into the muscles. Later, as preparations for oral use and still later, ointments containing them were put on the market, the opportunities for exploiting the public became many and obvious.

A substance that could be advertised — or subtly referred to — as an “elixir of youth,” to be taken by mouth or rubbed into the skin, was readily seized upon by unscrupulous manufacturers who promptly began to produce and distribute, at exorbitant prices, both patent medicines and cosmetics containing more or less sex hormone in their formulae. Where they contained none they were simply fraudulent, but where they contained some, as many did, they were worse than fraudulent; they were dangerous. *The undirected use of powerful glandular preparations of this nature by the layman is as perilous and unpredictable in its effect as the use of thyroid extract in*

certain proprietary reducing preparations was shown to be several years ago. In the unprescribed and therefore unrestricted use of thyroid, the heart is often stimulated to its injury. This resulted in the deaths of several users before the thyroid-containing preparations were forced off the market. The use of “rejuvenating creams” and similar preparations by the individual may, as has been shown in animal experiments, lead to cancer because of the close chemical relationship between the sex hormone and substances present in tar or soot which cause “chimney sweep” cancer when brought in frequent contact with the skin.

In the hands of the medical expert, however, the administration of such ointments is said to have beneficial and often startlingly successful results. Foss, in England, reports the application of one form of the male sex hormone, testosterone propionate, incorporated in an ointment, to a man of sixty who had lost his potency as the result of a case of mumps years earlier. He had had a Voronoff operation six years before, had experienced definite increase of vitality and general health for one year, but remained impotent. After application of the ointment for two months, full sexual vigor returned. He married

again and was enabled to live a normal sexual life and to play thirty-six holes of golf a day without fatigue. Another patient, a youth of eighteen, had the high female voice of a child. His voice was brought to male register by injections of testosterone propionate but the improvement proved to be only temporary. After the application of an ointment containing the same substance, his voice regained male register and has so remained.

The most recent and possibly one of the most effective methods of sex hormone therapy in use is the implantation of pellets of crystalline hormone under the skin. The implanted material is absorbed very gradually so that the daily supply to the body is proportionate to its needs. No excess decomposition has been noted and no bad effect on the skin at the site of implantation, while the absorption progresses so slowly that the implantation tablets have lasted for upwards of three months. After which, of course, for continued effect, a new tablet must be implanted.

Sex hormone therapy is becoming each day more widely available to the average person and it is

indisputable that it can and does, in many cases, stave off for a few years the more obvious manifestations of senility, such as increased fatigue, muscular weakness and lack of appetite. Through its proper medical use men have regained a certain measure of lost potency and even of vigor and youthful appearance, especially in cases of premature aging, and the much-dreaded menopause in women has been successfully delayed or rendered physically or psychologically easier. But rejuvenation treatment serves, at best, *only* as a delay. It has staved off the inevitable process of aging, which is one of diminished functional efficiency of all organs and tissues of the body and not of a single, isolated organ or function only.

In man's long search for eternal youth, he has returned again and again to the idea of an association between sex and rejuvenation. But even the evidence of the most sensationally successful cases does not demonstrate, to the scientific physiologist, that there is a causative relationship between sex and youthfulness or that rejuvenation, in its true meaning, has yet been accomplished.

► *Deadly foes of our defense hold strategic points in our industry.*

THE COMMUNIST GRIP ON OUR DEFENSE

BY VICTOR RIESEL

BEFORE Stalin and Hitler made their famous alliance and thereby touched off the Second World War, communists in the United States paraded as champions of homely patriotic virtues. The comrades shouted themselves hoarse for "democracy" and for big-stick collective action against Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and aggressive Japan. They opened their conventions with the Star-Spangled Banner and hung portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln alongside those of Lenin and Stalin. During this halcyon "popular front" period the communists clamored for bigger military appropriations and all-out defense measures. When the gunboat *Panay* was sunk, they alone called for a declaration of war against the "Japanese aggressors." Indeed, on the eve of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the communists had the distinction of being America's most voluble militarists.

With that fateful pact, however, their propaganda made a hurried and sensational about-turn. The

"democratic" and "patriotic" pretensions were thrown out of the window and the ripsnortin' double-dyed Bolshevik slogans were brought back to life. Instead of "collective security," they now demanded "peace," isolation, opposition to any American defense efforts or aid to Britain. Moscow's new "line" — faithfully followed by its agents the world over — had doubled back to the instructions issued by the Communist International in 1932:

. . . To set up legal, semi-legal and illegal control committees of action in the munitions factories, in ports, in factories, on railroads, and on ships, for the purpose of developing mass activity and carefully prepared protest strikes and economic strikes to prevent the transport of munitions and troops. . . .

Adapted to special current conditions, such substantially is the "party line" today. It amounts to an undertaking to obstruct all steps toward national security. Under the weasel-words about peace and imperialism is the reality that Stalin is in effect an ally of Hitler and his foreign cohorts under or-

ders to impede assistance to Hitler's enemies and to gum up the American defense program.

The communists have wheeled their far-flung apparatus into line for these new tasks. Everywhere the organizations under their control have scrapped their former "anti-fascist" notions and gone in for renewed "anti-imperialist" propaganda, thus switching the attack from fascist Germany and Italy — to "imperialist" United States and Britain. The abuse once reserved for "aggressors" is now aimed against "warmongers," the term being applied to anyone urging American defense or aid to Great Britain against Germany. But their chief attention, as was only natural under the circumstances, was directed to their followers in the defense and related industries.

And Comrade Browder, surveying those industries, had ample reason for self-satisfaction. The communists had succeeded in developing significant strength in the fields of machine tools, steel, aircraft production, munitions, communications, transportation — in the fields, that is, of most critical importance in connection with defense preparations. This was no accident. In the United States, as in all other countries, the Com-

munist International from the very beginning of its career had focussed its energies and its cash investments on precisely those industries which were of most strategic value in relation to war and defense efforts.

Trading on their energetic support of the New Deal and the CIO unionization drive, a large number of communists had succeeded in obtaining influential posts in a score of trade unions in the fields enumerated. In unions where they had some hold earlier, they succeeded in entrenching themselves more firmly. The great majority of the workers whom they lead are, of course, as anti-communist as their employers. Such leaders, while following without deviation the general line laid down by Moscow, do not hesitate to deny their Muscovite loyalties. To the average American it may sound fantastic that a group of other Americans — many of them not only honest but idealistic — should place the interests of a foreign nation above their own. Yet it is a fact that the first loyalty of the communist is to his cause, which means in practical terms to the country which owns and controls that cause.

The result is that a foreign dictator, operating through subsidized American agents or unsubsidized

enthusiasts for his cause, is in a position to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery of American defense. Already there have been startling indications that this strategic advantage is being exploited to slow up and confuse our defense plans. As long as the communists — whether open or disguised — enjoy that advantage they represent a threat to the program of national security. They represent a threat also, and that needs to be emphasized, to all organized labor, which will be saddled with responsibility for the activities of a tiny and mischievous minority. Only when the intruder is eliminated, or at least fully identified, can the American labor movement as a whole ward off demagogic attacks based on the skulduggery of a relatively few in its midst.

II

On March 10, 1940, a "peace" rally was staged at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. The hall was decorated with signs denouncing "English imperialism," American defense appropriations and President Roosevelt. In the foreground was a large square banner bearing in white letters on a purple field the legend: *Aircraft*

Division, Local 683. The presence of that banner became increasingly meaningful as speaker after speaker attacked the nation's preparedness efforts. First came Herbert Biberman, movie director and notoriously a Stalinist; then Phil (Slim) Connelly, state secretary of the California CIO. According to a reporter present, Mr. Connelly denounced the armaments expenditures, promised vigorous organization of the aircraft industry and threatened strikes in that industry "if they don't give us what we want." Then, he is reported to have exclaimed, "We'll see about this building of airplanes for England."

He was followed by representatives of the aircraft local. The gathering was enlivened by a sudden chant — "We want Bridges . . . We want Bridges . . . Hands off Bridges" — which continued until the *Internationale* was sung. (Bridges has long been the communist ace in the West Coast labor movement.) The whole affair was indubitably, even boastfully, "on the party line." The threat of strikes in the aircraft industry was, for the more perspicacious observers, its most significant note.

In November, a strike did hit the Vultee Air Corporation's plant in Downey, California, tying up production on eighty million dol-

lars' worth of training craft for the American citizen army. The communist *Daily Worker* correspondent boasted that "with Vultee safely tucked away," the union was preparing to go after the Ryan Aeronautical Company, the North American Plane Company, the Manasco and Harvil Aircraft Die-Casting plants, Douglas Boeing and other factories which together produce some 80 per cent of this country's aircraft. The strike was in the hands of its leaders — Wyndham Mortimer and Lou Michener. It suited them to inflate a routine dispute into a major strike.

Mortimer is the round-faced, bespectacled West Coast representative of the United Automobile Workers, while his chief, Michener, is regional director of the aircraft division. Both of them have long been identified with communist tactics in labor disputes. According to the sworn testimony of Joseph Zack, former trade union commissar of the Communist Party, Mortimer had joined the Party under the pseudonym Baker and attended the schools of the communist Trade Union Unity League. During the CIO-Chrysler negotiations, Mortimer, in defiance of John L. Lewis, ordered the famous sit-down strikes. Lanky, debonair Lou Michener has done duty as a

supporter of the controlling communist faction in the California Industrial Council.

The Vultee strikers, innocent of any purposes other than a fatter pay envelope, obeyed the leaders. When the last ounce of bitterness had been squeezed out of the situation and public opinion was becoming restive, the negotiations which Mortimer and Michener had interrupted were resumed and the strike was readily settled.

The Vultee affair is important less for itself than as a portent. It was the first skirmish between American defense effort and the communist apparatus created here with the connivance of a foreign dictatorship. Will it develop into open or guerilla warfare? On December 5th the same union started a drive at the Douglas aircraft plant in Santa Monica; a stoppage of work there would be tantamount to an important victory for Hitler. How much farther the union's advantage will be pushed at a critical moment in the World War remains to be seen. The towering fact, however, is that communists are in key positions to obstruct a key defense industry.

A sort of roll-call of Stalinist labor organizations was provided in Rochester in September, at the convention of the New York State

Industrial Council, representing all CIO unions. A division arose on a clean-cut communist issue. The needle trades and other anti-communist affiliates introduced and passed a resolution supporting President Roosevelt and his defense program. The very delegations which in previous years had been most vociferous in favor of Mr. Roosevelt and strong defense measures now demanded the withdrawal of the resolution — their about-face in accordance with the new Moscow line was indubitable. When the majority refused to withdraw the resolution, the dissidents abandoned the convention.

Those taking a walk included the delegations of the National Maritime Union; the Transport Workers; the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians; the State, County and Municipal Workers; the Utility Workers; the American Communications Association; the National Association of Die-Casters; the American Newspaper Guild; the Federal Workers; the Construction Workers. Whatever the merits of the dispute itself, the schism was plainly on a "party line" basis. Of this none of the reporters who covered the fracas had any doubts.

In all the unions which walked out, communist domination has

long been publicly charged and never convincingly refuted. While denying Stalin's guiding hand, all of them have consistently followed the zigzags of Moscow's policy for its foreign supporters. Stripped of sophistries and camouflage, we have here a closely-knit pro-communist bloc, to which must be added steel and aircraft unions not involved in the Rochester business. And every organization in the bloc is in a location, on the map of American industry and public opinion, to interfere with the productivity and morale of the country in a period of crisis.

The die-casters' organization recently signed an agreement with four of the largest companies, representing virtually that entire industry in the Eastern United States. The industry is one of the bottlenecks in national defense, and difficulties here might prove disastrous for the whole American program.

The American Communications Association controls thousands of men in telegraph, telephone and radio, including operators on government stations and on American ships. Fred M. Howe, a former associate of the man who until recently was head of the Association, Mervyn Rathborne, has declared that the organization is almost to-

tally under communist control. Certainly Mr. Rathborne has long trotted alongside the communist bandwagon. The last convention of the Association itself went on record against "the warmongering of the present administration" — the standardized formulation in Stalinist circles these days.

The Federation of Architects, Engineers, etc., has been notoriously pro-communist in all its pronouncements, with admitted members of the Communist Party in its leadership. Its union members are scattered through our navy yards, arsenals, shipyards, flying fields, machine and oil plants all over the country. The scope of opportunity for mischief by Stalinist agents in these places — and in transport, maritime, newspaper and other channels — scarcely can be overestimated. John L. Lewis, with the jubilant support of the communist press, declared the Rochester convention null and void, thus making things easier for the communists.

III

Communists in the National Maritime Union have not even been circumspect in tossing mudpies into the defense plans — this despite the key role of the union

members in the shipment of help to Britain or in the event of a war emergency here. Joseph Curran, president of the union, who was loudly for "collective security" in pre-pact days, last November ran for Congress on a platform attacking the whole defense program. He has denied being a communist, but has not explained the coincidence that his every policy and view have run absolutely parallel to the Stalinist line.

Mr. Zack, under oath, asserted that Mr. Curran regularly took part in Communist Party meetings at the time Zack was communist labor chief. In any case, the official organ of Mr. Curran's union, *The Pilot*, echoes the thoughts and sometimes the very phrases of the *Daily Worker*. While branding our defense plans as "warmongering," *The Pilot* forgets logic and fulminates against release of ships to Britain by charging that "national defense is being sabotaged by sale of American ships" to England. Nothing is said about chartering of oil tankers to the Soviet government.

Harry Bridges, the West Coast organizer, like Mr. Curran, denies that he is a communist. Whether the government can "prove" that he is one depends largely on whether it really wishes to do so.

No one close to the labor movement, or half-way familiar with recent communist history, has the faintest doubt that Mr. Bridges follows the party line, whether he carries a party membership card or not. Assuredly he is the darling of the communist press and leaders. His fight is their fight. His public pronouncements have followed every twist in the Muscovite policy with absolute fidelity, and he has been in the forefront of all the communist campaigns, mass meetings, and organization drives on the West Coast. Among the comrades his name is pronounced with almost religious reverence. His authority and his power to disrupt shipping and other industrial activities on the West Coast are immense.

Comrade Bridges has led the guerilla assault on the United Retail and Wholesale Employees of America, one of the important anti-communist unions within the CIO. The obvious purpose was to capture the last remaining shipping link which was not under the Curran-Bridges combine. Through his National Maritime Federation, Bridges controls the longshoremen, while Curran's outfit has a hold on the sailors. Bridges came East last Spring especially to try to switch the warehouse employees into his circuit. He bargained with

one Arthur Osman, president of a small subsidiary union of the United Retail and Wholesale Employees. Overnight this Osman was trumpeted in the communist press as a new and great leader of the working class. The fight for control is still furiously under way.

The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, as we have already indicated, is another communist pet. It is more than a union. It operates a school and serves as a pipeline to important technical posts in government and industry. Ex-communists have agreed in claiming that Moscow has taken particular interest in the Federation's work. A former official of Amtorg (Soviet trading body) claims that Federation members were recruited for "special duty" in various American industrial plants. While the evidence may be regarded as incomplete, it is conspicuously true that the Federation, too, has followed meekly every turn in the winding course of Soviet policies, changing its views on every subject precisely when all communists did.

The head of the organization is Marcel Sherer, long identified with a string of communist-dominated "front" organizations, and the officialdom is stocked with others who have been identified in

testimony before the Dies Committee as communists. The school which functions under Sherer's direction is "advised" by Edwin Berry Burgum, former president of the communist-controlled College Teachers Union Local 537. Dr. Burgum has been a steady contributor to the *New Masses*, *Science and Society* and other communist publications. The Federation school is also sponsored by Robert Dunn, an economist close to the Communist Party for at least fifteen years.

During the pro-New Deal phase of Moscow's policy, which ended with the Stalin-Hitler Pact, the communists got a scissors grip on unions of government employees. They now hold leading positions in the State, County and Municipal Workers Association which has always had an honored place in the communist May Day Parade. After the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the Association, which spent the previous years booing Hitler, suddenly discovered that this was an "imperialist war" and joined the Yanks-Are-Not-Coming "peace" front engineered by Browder's agents to replace the defunct American League for Peace and Democracy. The same course has been followed by the United Federal Workers of America. After vainly resisting communist attempts to dominate

that union, its president, Jacob Baker, resigned last November, along with hundreds of members. Two years ago the Department of Interior Building in Washington was so choked with Party members that a prankish elevator boy used to amuse himself by calling the floors as "second Soviet, third Soviet," etc.

Last August, John L. Lewis said harsh words to the President's labor advisor Sidney Hillman because Mr. Hillman refused to name one James Matles to the National Labor Policy Advisory Committee on National Defense. The CIO chief believed that Matles, who is director of organization for the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, rated the appointment. A perfunctory investigation disclosed that Mr. Matles was a member of the Communist Party, a graduate of the Party's schools, a contributor to *Labor Unity*, a communist monthly, and that, in 1935, he had served as the Party's organizer of the Metal Workers Industrial Union, a Moscow trade union auxiliary. Mr. Lewis stopped protesting, but Comrade Matles still remains leader of a union directly and indirectly involved in defense work.

The list could be extended, if space permitted. But enough has

been indicated for the purposes of this article, which seeks to warn the country of communist invasion of the trade union movement at points significant from the angle of defense. The overwhelming majority of the members of the CIO, and even of most of the unions mentioned, are not communists. The fact, however, that the communists constitute a powerful bloc within the CIO — a bloc, moreover, for the most part strategically located in relation to defense work — was demonstrated at the last convention of the organization. A resolution for supporting the defense program was forced through against the opposition of the same Stalinist unions.

But the communist union leaders have no intention of abiding by this resolution. Shortly after the convention, about forty CIO officials gathered in Chicago with the so-called American Peace Mobilization — an out-and-out Stalinist outfit. They joined action denouncing the government's national defense and security programs, in the bitter language which now overflows every communist publication. The amazing part of it is that the general press ignored the sensational story. Here were labor leaders in industries vitally integrated with the nation's defense

work publicly denouncing that work!

Among them, to cite only a few, were David Brown of the Die-Casters Union; William Hoyer, Chicago representative of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians; Charles Abar, of the National Maritime Union; Fred Gardner, of the Electrical and Radio Workers.

When the communist press warns against "collaboration with the enemies of the people" in producing war goods (*New Masses*, December 31), it is in effect calling for sabotage of defense efforts. Labor should know that unions in bottleneck industries are under strong influence of people holding such views. And the general American public should know it.

Their interference will boomerang, unfortunately, on the rest of the labor movement. To rid American trade unionism of this pest, responsibility must be divided — labor must clean house, and government must learn to distinguish between the communist bath water and the essentially healthy trade union baby. Only if both labor and government recognize the ramifications of the problem, will the danger of throwing out the baby with the bath water be averted.

THE WORST AMERICAN CITY

BY DAYTON DAVID MCKEAN

“WE are giving the people government,” Mayor Frank Hague recently told a United States Senate committee, “real government, conscientious government, moral government.” He thinks that the people of Jersey City, moreover, are perfectly happy and satisfied: “The people want to vote, the people appreciate this type of government — that is why these [unanimous election] districts is here. . . .”

The Mayor’s admiration for his own administration is always expressed thus, in general and sweeping terms rather than in exact statements and figures. He could not remember the city debt, even the approximate debt. When Senator Tobey asked him, “Jersey City is on the verge of bankruptcy, isn’t it?” His Honor responded, “I didn’t come here to be insulted, and I want you to understand that, and I want to resent your manner and your attitude. I think it is insulting.” Because publication, no doubt, would be insulting, Jersey City does not publish some of the

statistics ordinarily issued as a matter of course by American cities. It is almost as difficult to find the elements of Jersey City’s costs as it is to discover those of Nazi Germany. From what material is available, however, it seems clear that Jersey City holds the crown as the worst-governed city in the United States.

Certainly it is the most expensively governed city. The tax rate for 1940 was \$52.98 per thousand dollars of assessed valuation, and assessed valuations average at least 100 per cent of true valuations. Considered on the same basis, the average tax rate for American cities of approximately equal size (300,000–500,000) is \$29.50. Compared in any way desired with that of other cities, per capita or by area, Jersey City always emerges as the highest-taxed American city. The taxes are so high that Mayor Hague himself does not invest his own millions in Jersey City. Senator Tobey had an exchange with him on this point before the Gillette Committee:

Senator Tobey: I point out that Mayor Hague is taxed by Jersey City to the rate of \$2000, and for the tax year 1938 all he paid in Jersey City was \$108.

Mayor Hague: So what? That is a tax on personal furniture.

Senator Tobey: Did you pay any real estate tax there?

Mayor Hague: I have no real estate tax to pay.

With a tax rate of 5.3 per cent of the actual value of his property, many a taxpayer in the Mayor's domain doubtless wishes that he were in an equally happy position, as tax-free as His Honor. The taxpayer must be alarmed for his future if he looks at the trend of public finance in Jersey City, because the rate has risen in the last ten years from \$37.90 to \$52.98; he can reasonably expect that ten years from now it will be \$68.06. Before the rate ascends to new highs, however, it will be reduced a little in 1941. This is a municipal election year; every time the Mayor has run for re-election he has been able to say in campaign speeches that taxes are not as high as they were last year. It seems a great pity that he does not have annual elections.

To judge from the amount of tax-delinquent property (another Jersey City high) thousands of taxpayers have given up trying to meet the ever-increasing levy. The 5 per cent decline in population

from 1930 to 1940 would indicate that many either have been forced out or have moved voluntarily to other New Jersey cities. Average taxes in the state have increased only slightly since 1930 and municipal-purpose levies in nineteen of the twenty-one counties decreased for 1940. Hague's own Hudson County, of course, touched an all-time high in the same year.

The reason for the high tax rate is the unparalleled high cost of government in Jersey City. It costs fifteen times as much to govern Jersey City with 300,000 people as it does to govern Akron with 260,000. It costs four times as much to govern Jersey City as it does Kansas City, which has 400,000 population, and which has also suffered from civic mismanagement; but the Pendergast machine never equalled the Hague organization at extracting money from the public purse. Cincinnati is reputedly one of the best-governed cities in the United States; one-third larger than Jersey City, it is governed for only one-third as much. The government of St. Louis, twice as big as Jersey City, costs about half as much. The Hague machine has set some records for expensive government that should stand for many years to come.

The costs of this "conscientious government, moral government" in Jersey City have been too great to be met entirely by current tax revenues, high as they have been. The regime has also run up the highest per capita bonded debt for any city of its size in America. The average debt is \$108.85; Jersey City's is \$172.33.

The debt is so great that Jersey City has to pay 3.8 per cent interest on its bonds, while the average city pays around 2.5 per cent, and some well-managed cities have refinanced their indebtedness at 1.5 per cent. The unsentimental Moody's Investment Service does not take account of the moral and conscientious qualities of Mayor Hague's government: it rates Jersey City bonds as a fourth-class risk. The statutory debt limit of 7 per cent of assessed valuations has been exceeded by Jersey City because of the steady decline in the value of property there; the bonded debt is now 8.19 per cent of valuations. The city, consequently, has no further borrowing power. It has no cushion of credit against any catastrophe, and the exodus of any large taxpaying industry would push it into formal bankruptcy.

The debt service for 1940 was \$6,045,327, or more than \$20 per capita. The total cost of city gov-

ernment in many municipalities of equal size is less. The burden of carrying the debt is almost twice the whole cost of the city government, including debt service and schools, when the Hague regime came into power. One-party government is much more expensive than two-party government. The slogan of Jersey City, "Everything for Industry," must seem very empty, in view of the city's present financial plight and dubious future, to any manufacturer who might contemplate the establishment of a plant there.

The mountains of tax dollars have gone in part to support a little army of public employees, 3643 of them in 1939. Although Jersey City's incomparable Mayor draws the modest salary of \$8000, there are dozens of ten- and twelve-thousand-dollar salaries. Ordinary policemen and firemen are paid the highest salaries of any city in the United States, and Jersey City has a third more policemen than any other city of its size.

The public payrolls, in clear-cut violation of the law, are not open to public inspection, but those persons who have obtained copies have been astonished at what they have seen. There have been "custodian cleaners" at \$1950 per year; a judge of a criminal court at

\$7000 who was at the same time listed as a stenographer in the Mayor's office at \$4000; a "legal assistant" to the Corporation Counsel (a woman who never did any work) at \$6000. There was one "street laborer" who was paid \$1700 for keeping two blocks of a street clear from any boxes that might "fall off a truck and block the road," as he testified. Some of the employees do no work; others do a little work; none works very hard. They are on the distended payroll for political reasons primarily.

II

It is a matter of sworn testimony that 3 per cent of their handsome salaries is collected to maintain the most efficient political machine the United States has ever seen. This machine was at its most efficient in 1936 when it provided for Roosevelt a majority of about four to one. Just before the 1940 election Mayor Hague predicted that the President would receive a majority of 150,000 in Hudson County, but the best he could produce for him was a majority of 102,000, merely two to one. It is barely possible that the presence on election day of investigators for the Gillette Committee of the United States

Senate may have had something to do with the slump.

In addition to paying for the inflated public payroll which is necessary only to keep the political machine operating, the taxpayers also maintain an extravagant experiment in socialized medicine, the Jersey City Medical Center. The seven skyscraper buildings, "ninety-nine floors of hospitalization," as the city publicity has it, make up the largest hospital for any city of its size in the country, even bigger than those of Washington, D. C., or Newark, New Jersey, and twice as big as that of Indianapolis. Although about twice the per capita hospital facilities ordinarily regarded as necessary are provided in Hudson County, and although the costs of operation are approximately the same as the whole costs of governing Kansas City, the Medical Center has been a tremendous political success. It provides jobs for adherents of the organization and contracts for supplies to businessmen who will listen to reason; its payroll of between two and three millions of dollars a year is, under the 3 per cent political assessment, a lucrative source of party funds; but, even more important, the free — or almost free — service makes thousands of votes every November.

"Our people," says Mayor Hague, "may be poor, but they are honest." With the enormous police force they cannot well be anything but honest, and with the enormous tax burden they cannot well be anything but poor. Mostly unskilled, they live quietly in the slums of Jersey City and make no audible complaints. It is, indeed, an old story that the means of communication have been so well closed that complaints cannot be brought to public attention. There are no important newspapers in the county independent of the organization; there are no associations, clubs, or societies that are not dominated or actually controlled by the machine. Even the churches are kept in line by having priests, preachers, and rabbis on the public payroll.

There was a time when the businessmen might have organized and upset the regime, or used their existing associations to do it; but some played its game by accepting contracts or other favors, while the greater part was timid or indifferent. They permitted the political organization to elect its men as officers of the business groups while it fastened itself tenaciously upon the community. Bearing today a crushing burden of debt and taxes, they would like to get rid of Hague

rule, but, as they value their business lives, they cannot. As long as the machine controls all of the apparatus of government, including the courts, it can drive any man out of business while operating seemingly within legal forms.

If the liberties of citizens to speak, write and assemble are curbed in ways now famous the country over, residents are perfectly free, if they wish, to gamble. Ralph W. Davis, counsel for the Gillette Committee, asked the Mayor about the matter when he had him on the stand:

Mr. Davis: Aiding and abetting a lottery. Isn't that a serious charge?

Mayor Hague: Oh —

Mr. Davis: What is that you said? Isn't that a serious charge in Jersey City?

Mayor Hague: That's like playing miggles.

Taxed and oppressed, the citizens may console themselves with the fact that they have one of the nation's most famous mayors. He admires former Mayor Walker of neighboring New York: "Jimmy Walker," he has declared, "in my estimation is the cream of the earth." Perhaps he has taken Walker for his sartorial model, for Mayor Hague is always elegantly dressed. But unlike Walker he has never mastered the English language, though grammar is the least

of the faults in his remarks. In denying he had made the widely-quoted statement, "I am the law," he said: "I have never desired to be the law, Counselor. I have always felt that the courts was the law, and still maintain that the courts is the law of our state, city, and county." He has a well-developed taste for the finer things of life, such as summer homes, winters in Florida, ringside seats at championship prizefights, and private boxes at horse races. Mayor Hague undoubtedly spends less time in the community he rules than does any other American mayor; he governs by long distance. The war, unhappily, has prevented him from making his annual trip to Europe. On a salary of \$8000 a year he contrives to live like a multimillionaire.

"My life," says Mayor Hague, "has been spent with the poor, humble, Christian people. I'm standing by the poor. I propose to die for them, and live for them, and fight for them." He does most of his dying, living, and fighting for the poor at Deal, New Jersey, at Biscayne Bay, Florida, or from his duplex apartment in the one section of Jersey City that is not a slum. Those writers who have interpreted his rise from the slums of the Horseshoe Section to become

the first citizen of Jersey City in any other light than as public recognition of private virtue merely throw "filth" at him, he asserts: "That is filth, and I want you to know it's filth, and you or no other man can put any filth on me. The man don't live that dares to do it. . . . The man don't live that can put a finger on my moral character, he don't live — or on my political character, he don't live."

With all his piety and love for the poor, it is an open secret in Jersey City that he would like to retire. He is sixty-five years old; he has his estates and his millions to look after. His only son is on New Jersey's highest court. His ambition to be a United States Senator seems unlikely to be realized. The dank, muggy air of his native city, moreover, gives him sinus trouble. But attempts to build up a successor as chief of "The Powerhouse" have so far failed. Frank Junior is an amiable and indolent young man, by no means an heir-apparent. Frank Hague Eggers, the Mayor's nephew and secretary, is cordially disliked by other politicians in the organization. There is no ambitious ward leader eager to take over; no politician wants to be a receiver in bankruptcy. As in all dictatorships the problem of the succession is insoluble.

III

Though he is Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Frank Hague is not now and never has been popular with the Roosevelt administration. The New Dealers would be glad to see him go at any time. He has a new Democratic governor on his hands, Charles Edison, who is, paradoxically, more likely to give him trouble than some Republican governors have done. In 1939 it was said "in usually well informed quarters," as the foreign correspondents say, that as State Democratic leader, Hague was going to put up a weak candidate certain to be defeated by former governor Harold Hoffman, who seemed slated to be the Republican candidate. In times past Hoffman and Hague had played political ball together despite party labels. Pleasant as this arrangement was to the principals, it was not highly regarded in Washington. When the Secretary of the Navy, Charles Edison, announced that he would run for governor of his home State it was reported, according to "usually reliable sources," that the Mayor was told by an authority superior even to him to take Edison and to leave the Republican primary alone. Hoffman was de-

feated in the primary, the first defeat of his political career.

Edison proceeded to run his own campaign for governor. He took no money and little advice from Jersey City. In his first speech of the campaign he announced his independence, and later he denounced the burning of the Jersey City poll books. Outside of Hudson County the Democratic Party revived, and Edison was elected by a majority just under Roosevelt's. Hague has always protected his control of his home city and county by his control of State boards, commissions, and courts, the members of which have been, as far as his governors could make them, loyal Hague men. If Edison continues his independence and recognizes in making his appointments other Democratic leaders in the State, the bureaus may soon refuse to accept Hague's taxes and assessments, and the courts may no longer be his refuge from investigations.

Under these conditions he may run for his seventh consecutive term as mayor in the 1941 election and then, being "vindicated" by the electorate, retire gracefully to Florida. The city commission, under the aging leader's guidance, could select his successor, who would have four years to straighten

out, if he could, the tangled mess of Jersey City's finances and to consolidate his authority. But unless he elects to retire, there seems no immediate prospect that he will be deposed, for he has built up through the years a political machine that is perfectly efficient.

Whatever happens to him he will not be forgotten in his city for generations to come. In misgoverning it for twenty-four years he has run up a debt that cannot be paid for decades, and he has earned Jersey City an undisputed place as the worst American city.



BOOMERANG

BY HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

WE have bent nature to our need,
Have used a knife to slit the tree
For grafting on a pedigree,
So that the proud and final fruit
Is unrelated to the root
That nourishes the final seed.

Yet, should our vigilance be caught
Off-guard for one brief hour's pause,
The fruit goes back to what it was —
The sturdiness of common strain
Flows through flower to fruit again
And brings our cleverness to naught.

So we, who would be master still,
Reshape all natural law, coerce
The rhythms of the universe
To shape them closer to our will,
Have learned that we are slaves or worse —
Imprisoned by our own great skill.

HARLEM'S FABULOUS FLYER

BY MEIGS M. GREEN

WHEN Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian announced recently that his challenge to a flying duel to the death had been accepted by Nazi Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, New York was interested but not surprised. The news came as the logical sequel to a career that has had its ups and downs in Ethiopia, the Americas, Italy, England and Finland but has never failed to make the front pages. "Wherever there's trouble," Colonel Julian has often said himself, "you will find me there in its midst." Never were truer words spoken — or at least, not by the Black Eagle of Harlem.

Julian's cabled challenge to personal combat was accepted on behalf of the Reichsmarshal by the German Military Attaché in Washington in a long-distance call, the West Indian ace told an avid press. The punctilious Colonel Julian had properly taken exception to Adolf Hitler's insults to the Negro people in *Mein Kampf*. He departed from the traditional etiquette of the field of honor by

himself naming the weapons and place of meeting: Messerschmitt fighting planes at 10,000 feet above the English Channel.

"Goering must be alone in his plane," the Eagle told the New York *World-Telegram*, "and I alone in mine. I will machine-gun him out of his life, the lousy creature. Secretly the British Government is thrilled by this thing. It will take only ten minutes to acquaint myself with the Messerschmitt. Then to battle. *Allons!*"

As this issue of the *MERCURY* goes to press nothing more has been heard of the duel, though the appointed day is already past. Perhaps it has only been postponed. Harlem, however, is confident Julian will survive. And if not, Harlem can say no more than Mrs. Julian: "Darling, I will be pleased to sacrifice you to such a cause."

Colonel Julian is surely one of the more fabulous figures of our day. To 12,000,000 Americans of African lineage he is a front-line celebrity in the class with Joe Louis and

assorted Negro orchestra leaders. To the rest of America, he is familiar but inexplicable. Reporters, writing of his ever-astonishing montage of adventures, recognize in him more than just a Harlem aviator; they describe him as "dashing," "bemonocled," "debonair," "swashbuckling." All these adjectives fit. To his sometimes bewildered but never bored public, he is a movie producer, war correspondent, style leader, and most often, soldier of fortune.

With a regularity that could not conceivably be called monotonous, the Colonel's name bobs up in the news. When the Finnish freighter *Mathilda Thorden* hove into New York Harbor last summer, the metropolitan press met her in force, for she was bringing home the first batch of volunteers from Finland. But surprisingly, it was not the hundred-odd Americans on board who figured most prominently in the news stories, but a swaggering West Indian Negro, Harlem's cocky Black Eagle and homing pigeon. The gold-braided blue uniform and conqueror's mien displayed by the Colonel fixed the attention of every reporter and cameraman. The same finery also gained the furious notice of Julian's shipmates, who threatened to rip it off. But this clash of temperaments both-

ered the Ace of Spades not at all. It was but one more episode in the Eagle's long "home-from-the-wars" saga. During the Ethiopian-Italian tiff, when as Air Marshal of Ethiopia he attained perhaps his publicity pinnacle thus far, he came triumphantly home no less than three times. This probably constitutes a record.

Another unique aspect of the Eagle's Finnish adventure was that he did not sail for Finland until after the peace was made. This must not be laid to poltroonery on the Colonel's part. After all, he had proclaimed himself a one-man Afro-American expeditionary force well in advance of the war's sudden ending. It did, however, make a good shouting point for his fellow-passengers on the *Mathilda Thorden*. It had been wormwood to them to endure miserable food in the after hold while the Eagle traveled and ate first class simply because he could pay for it. When the volunteers saw him cornering the limelight at the end of the voyage, with his Air Corps uniform covered with gold lions, flesh and blood could stand no more.

"That fellow Julian was louder than a fleet of crows," accused one American flyer who had fought the Soviets. Before the Black Eagle could respond, Captain Albert

Eito of the Finnish Navy told him right in front of all the reporters that he had no right to the uniform he wore. Colonel Julian stepped back, according to the *Herald Tribune*, and shouted: "You think I am an impostor? Well, here is my commission from Marshal Mannerheim. Read it and weep! I am here on a special mission. Now you will extricate yourself from my cabin."

Julian planned a non-stop transatlantic mass flight to Helsinki with the ten ambulance planes he had come back to raise by popular subscription. Wounded by the aspersions cast on his valor, he later declared to the writer, "I should not have allowed my serenity to be disturbed when I had the official edict signed by Baron Mannerheim to prove my very important mission." He went on to emphasize the hardships he had suffered in the Arctic while en route to Petsamo whence the *Mathilda Thorden* sailed. "I existed two weeks," he thundered, patting his trim waistline, "with nothing to eat but hard tacks soaked in reindeer milk."

II

The jesting note sometimes discernible in the Colonel's press arises partly from his lofty verbosity during interviews, partly from his

bizarre taste in clothes. When he struts down the avenue, whether Lenox or Fifth, all eyes follow his majestic passage. From rakish bowler to pearl-gray spats, he is an eye-filling sight. Around his stiffly held neck he may sport an Oriental silk foulard — "a gift from one of my admirers in Rome." A wing collar and ascot tie surmount his black, formal coat. An amber-headed cane from London and a whiff of Paris perfume mark the inveterate boulevardier. He is never without gloves and a monocle.

Julian was born forty-three years ago on the island of Trinidad and has a strain of Spanish blood out of Venezuela. He was impelled toward aviation at the age of twelve when he saw an old box-kite Curtiss crash fatally in a down-draft. This incident led to his invention, years later, of a combined parachute and helicopter, the "saxophonaparchuttagravipreresistationist." He learned to fly in Canada during the World War and began experiments designed to make the air safe for posterity. His aim was a fast-opening parachute that would support a whole plane. The Colonel's left forearm is today curved in souvenir of the crackup that resulted.

He next added a helicopter propeller to his 'chute, for faster open-

ings. In order to dramatize the gentle way this "safety device" lowered a stalled plane to the earth he used to play a saxophone solo to the crowd on the way down. This was the "saxophonaparachutaprerestrictionist" which could, the Eagle claims, "set a plane down on a dime and leave nine cents change."

Equipped with a ripping Oxford accent acquired in Canada, Julian then came to the United States and turned his attention from Science to Showmanship. He became a professional parachute jumper. One day in 1923, spurred by a bet and two advertising sponsors, he determined to make a jump over Manhattan. A stern warning from the police had no effect on Julian. As thousands milled in the Harlem streets, breaking store windows out of sheer light-heartedness, he leaped from a plane and drifted earthward. It was a perfect bullseye; he landed squarely on the precinct police station.

The police, ignoring shouts of "We want Julian" from the delighted mob, eased him headlong into court. Charged with causing a crowd to collect, he rose to his feet and trumpeted, "I want to prove that Science and Goodwill can go hand in hand and make the world a more fundamental place in

which to live." The judge, impressed, handed down what Julian calls "a discretionate verdict" releasing him.

Barnstorming, to Julian, was deadly obscurity. In 1924, three years ahead of Lindbergh, he made an interesting attempt to fly the Atlantic from New York to Liberia. He fell short, crashing in Flushing Bay when a pontoon fell off his plane. The indestructible Julian was hospitalized for a month. What makes this flight unique among transoceanic efforts is that the Eagle, when he took off from the East River, was flying a hydroplane for the first time in his life.

Greater things followed. One night in 1930 the Colonel was sitting in his Harlem flat when a knock came at the door. In walked Prince Malaku Bayen, cousin of Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, with an invitation to come to Africa as the Emperor's personal pilot. The day the Eagle arrived in Addis Ababa he gave a flying exhibition topped off with a parachute jump that left the Ethiopes gibbering with delight. The Emperor presented him on the spot with the Order of Menelik, the rank of Colonel and, says Julian, \$10,000.

This meteoric favor had swift and dirty consequences. Rival

pilots poisoned his food and only some very skillful vomiting saved the Colonel's life. He was made Air Minister, he claims, but presently his enemies struck again. During an exhibition flight one day, the ship Julian was flying disintegrated in mid-air. Certain jealous French pilots had sabotaged the machine, the Colonel thought. He ultimatumed to the Emperor that the Frenchmen must go. It was he or they. Julian came home.

American papers had a field day with the story that he had been deported for wrecking the Negus' pet plane. Home again in Harlem, he was honored at a "Midnight Benefit Promenade and Grand Carnival of All Nations" given by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. In his speech at the affair he keynoted:

From the streets of Harlem to a brotherhood with kings is a career that can be pursued with success by all who are within, or not within the sound of my voice tonight. And I wish to say that I consider will power and personality the alpha and the axis of my success.

For the next two years the Colonel's Ethiopian publicity paid good dividends on a nationwide exhibition tour. In 1933 he left for England to enter the London-to-Melbourne air race. Soon after his arrival, he recalls proudly, the newspapers christened him "Eng-

land's First Black Knight of the Air."

"Shortly thereafter," he recalls, "I was summoned by Sir Nana Aforiata, LL.B., K.C., Paramount Chief of the Gold Coast and an Oxford graduate, to his residence at the Savoy." (Not to be confused with the Savoy Ballroom.) The African potentate ordered a command flight for his entire "retinee of twenty" and then invited the Eagle to establish a flying school on the Gold Coast. At this crossroads, Julian was suddenly recalled by his Imperial overlord, Haile Selassie, to Ethiopia, where "a series of unrests" quickly led to the Italian invasion. In war councils Air Minister Julian urged caution. He vainly advised the Emperor to compromise. "It is better," he points out, drawing on a proverb and dressing it up considerably, "to have seven-eighths of a loaf of bread and be able to eat it comfortably than to lose the whole loaf." Such differences in principle shortly caused Julian to withdraw in mid-war and return to New York. His homecoming, though not strictly triumphal, caused a decided stir. "Ah, you should have seen me," he recalls with a reminiscent gleam in his eye. "My luggage was piled up eighteen feet high." When reporters asked him to confirm the

tidings that had reached America of a romance between himself and the Emperor's daughter, he cleverly ducked the question without belittling the lady's charm. "Ah," he murmured, "such rumors about me! Rumors . . . rumors . . . rumors. . . ."

Of the war situation he declared, "I have come to the unanimous conclusion that Ethiopia deserves no help." This matter struck Harlem very differently, however. The American Negroes were rooting for Ethiopia body and soul. Some of them, the Colonel laughingly admits, thought that his defection gave the war to Mussolini. Threats against his life became the principal theme of his fan mail. Never one to let Fate get the jump on him, the Eagle arranged a \$2000 funeral for himself. He chose a glittering chromium casket and directed that he be buried standing erect and dressed in his Air Minister's uniform. His epitaph was to read: "Here stands Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, slain by his own people because he told them the truth." Then, through the press, he invited the assassins to do their will with him. After that casket gesture, though, they had to forget about the whole thing — killing him would only have made him a martyr.

III

After the war, in 1936, Julian braved Fascism's fury by going to Italy to discuss another transatlantic flight he had in mind. It was during this stay in Europe that a strange accident ended a Julian dream of joining the Chinese air force. He was sitting in a chair in a hotel room in Paris, "drawing plans." Suddenly the chair collapsed. The Colonel fell to the floor, breaking his arm in three places. After that, of course, China was out. It should be stated here that the Colonel is a teetotaler: "I never partake of *spiritus fermenti*." Questioned once on the subject by reporters, he remarked, "Ah, Messieurs! Really, there are two things that I must learn to do. One is to smoke. The other is to take a little drink now and then."

"But Colonel," they asked, "what are your bad habits?"

"Tut, tut, tut, tut — but, *tut!*" he responded, with an eloquent roll of his eyes. "One must not, really."

The Eagle's genius for showing up at the zero hour is well illustrated by his exploits in the recent lawsuit brought by Mrs. Verinda Brown, an ex-angel, to recover several thousand dollars from Father Divine. The case was moving

rapidly if not smoothly when of a sudden the courtroom doors swung wide, and in stalked the lordly figure of Colonel Julian. From then on it was a one-man show. Father Divine's relatively colorless personality went into a near blackout. As one newspaper said, "for the first time in legal history the Supreme Court of New York operated under a master of ceremonies."

The Colonel, who was at one time pilot for the Murky Messiah's Heavenly airplane, was a personal friend of both litigants. With a grand gesture he threw down \$12,000 worth of warehouse liquor receipts (liquor importing is one of his sidelines), and offered to settle Mrs. Brown's claim against the "Divine Treasury." "I am not a follower of Father Divine," he stated excitedly, "but I am a Negro and I have seen the good he has done. . . . I am sick and tired of seeing the Negro race kicked around."

On the second day of the trial, reported the *World-Telegram*, Julian

strode into the courtroom checkered with Divine's black and white followers. He had business all over the court. At one point he bent low to kiss a hand; at another he took a card from his billfold and autographed it with a flourish. With imperious gestures the Colonel summoned less colorful persons into the conference room, escorted them out, snapped a finger here, bent

a soldierly bow there, and in general appeared to be very busy.

But it does not require a court of law to tap the Colonel's eloquence. Even *tête-à-tête*, when embarked on a reminiscence he rises to his feet and throws in sweeping gestures. He paces up and down. He crouches. His voice booms with lecture-platform volume. Gusts of laughter convulse his massive frame.

The Colonel's language is something to delight the philologist. He has the uncanny ability of his race to conjure up verbal by-products of which the Anglo-Saxon mind is incapable, and many of his virgin verbs, nouns and adjectives are priceless contributions to the language. For example, in discussing the present biographical piece he said, "With your write-ability and my stock of material we should be able to conglomerate a splendid story." In describing his helicopter invention, he explained that it was able to "deresistate the force of gravity." Who could say it better? While discussing Haile Selassie's racial origin, he outdid himself. "Many people," revealed Julian, "thought that the Emperor was really an Arab, for phygnominally he was Symetric." The press recently recorded another memorable "Julianism." Greeting reporters at the Harlem première of

his first picture production, the Colonel offered them drinks, remarking, "You look nulled; will you not partake?"

Wide and hilarious publicity has been given to movie producer Samuel Goldwyn's eccentric English. But connoisseurs agree that the "Goldwynism" is surpassed by the "Julianism" in repeat value. The "Goldwynism" is a new grouping of familiar words. The "Julianism," on the other hand, is usually a new hybrid word which can be taken out of its context and used repeatedly. And the Colonel is more prolific than the entire Goldwyn publicity staff. He could give away "saxophonaparachuttagravipreresistrationist" and still lap the field.

Lately Colonel Julian has embarked on the limitless career of the cinema. When he joined Micheaux Picture Corporation as associate producer, he declared, "My life work in aviation is done." And he added that he would devote his future to improving the place of the Negro in motion pictures. Gold-engraved invitations summoned the elite to the "world première semi-formal" of his first

production, *The Notorious Elinor Lee*. There were copious spreads in the press. The *World-Telegram* described the Colonel's arrival, with particular emphasis, as usual, on his clothes. He was "resplendent in full dress, shining top hat, white silk gloves and an Inverness cape which he wore as if he had live rabbits concealed in it." Ah, Messieurs!

Production of further pictures struck a snag, however, and in a pyrotechnic impulse to return to his natural element Julian flung the gauntlet that was snapped up by the Nazi Reichsmarshal. If the worst (or the best) happens and Goering backs down, it may be a temporary return. But one of the Colonel's troubles in the picture industry is paradoxically that the story material is too good. His own career, he feels, would make as exciting a plot as anything ever screened, but he has had to taboo the idea on grounds of economy.

"Hell, man," he said, "we can't film that! Why, it took \$4,000,000 to make *Hell's Angels*." A bagatelle, obviously, beside the cost of producing the Colonel's own saga.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Exit "Sophistication"

THE difficulty about writing of theatrical trends is that often no sooner have you firmly proved this or that than the theatre the very next day embarrasses you by proving in turn that you have talked through your hat. Time and again we critical Myra Kingsleys have conclusively predicted that realistic dirt was done for, whereupon a *Tobacco Road* has popped up the following week and blandly started on a run of more than seven years; that the old so-called well-made play was out, whereupon a *The Little Foxes* has promptly sneaked in and become a whopping success; that the grown-up American public would no longer accept the kind of English plays that London audiences were crazy about, whereupon a *The Corn Is Green* has presently made us look pretty foolish; and so on, disgustingly. Nevertheless I'll take another chance and remark that unless all signs fail again it looks as if what goes theatrically by the name of sophistication is now as dead as yesterday's newspaper or tomorrow's PM.

By sophistication I mean, if any explanation is necessary, the superficial attitude which makes a philosophical virtue of boredom and a critical vice of interest, which accepts with a languid resignation what is normally regarded with enthusiasm, and which views with worldly disdain the affectionate beliefs and little incidents of the common run of mankind. It takes various concrete forms. In the plays of the Noel Coward English school, for example, it is a consequence of mental and emotional taxation without sexual representation and sums up generally as a café society version of the drama of Wilde and Pinero, liberally interspersed with superior catalogues of the more recherché champagnes, motor cars, yachts, spas, duchesses and diseases. The tone is that of an infinitely weary young man giving his bride the hot-foot on their wedding night and then sitting down to the boudoir baby-blue piano and playing Tschaikowski so loudly that the poor girl can't get to sleep until

dawn. And all to a counterpoint of whiskey-and-soda sallies which issue a fastidious horselaugh to orthodox courtship, marriage and sexual relations, along with whimsical sideswipes at the Ritz, the Carlton, the George V and the Riviera, the whole inspired by a miscellaneous employment of the word "bitch."

In the American manifestation, sophistication, or what passes for it; has occupied itself chiefly in converting ordinarily quiet and reputable Long Island into a development populated entirely by the Everleigh sisters, Polly Adler, the Haig and Haig distillery and the Ted Peckham Escort Service. The moment one has observed from the program that a play is laid on Long Island one has come to know pretty definitely that Mrs. X is up to no good with young Y, the polo player, that Mr. X is up to no good with Z, who is either the Mrs. in the house across the way or a dancer in a night-club, that everybody is going to get drunk by 10:15, and that, save for a denunciation of the whole gang at 10:20 sharp by some young revolutionary who believes in communism, socialism, Semitism or pure love, the general conversation will from first to last be confined to saying yes to whatever people

habitually say no to and no to whatever they conventionally say yes to.

More recently, Connecticut and Westchester have occasionally been substituted for Long Island, but the evenings remain largely the same. The clothes the women wear will not be so expensive as those worn by the girls in the Long Island *opera*, the men will frequently show up in velvet smoking jackets instead of evening dress, and the young polo player will be an aviator or maybe only a writer or painter; but for the rest it will be the old familiar sex reconnaissance, the old familiar sousing, the old familiar young daughter of the household who either clock-like defends her mother's dereliction in terms of her father's dereliction or rushes tearfully out of the house to spend the night with Brenda Brendaburg, her chum, and, in conclusion, the old familiar wise-cracks about cuckoos mistaking themselves for roosters and dead ducks posturing as rabbits, periodically interrupted by the routine debonair allusions to one character or another as a dog of the female species or the son of one.

Sophistication in the instance of the musical shows usually centers itself industriously upon the lyrics. In the English importations these

concern themselves chiefly with impertinences on presentations at Court, the sex life of various fashionable hussies at Biarritz and Cannes, the peregrinations of the Duke of Manchester, the luncheon habitués at Claridge's, and the European social activities of Mrs. Laura Corrigan, of Columbus, Ohio. In the American exhibits of Cole Porter and such of his followers as E. Y. Harburg — even, indeed, oddly enough in the periodic case of Lorenz Hart — the lyrics invite us to wink knowingly over the intimate mention of the names of well-known social personages and other figures in the upper metropolitan life. In place of the one-time June, moon and spoon we have accordingly been put on confidential terms with Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Elsa Maxwell and Elsie Mendl; in place of the former love, dove and stars above we have had Walter Winchell, Lucius Beebe and Cholly Knickerbocker; and for the quondam hearts apart and shade of the sheltering palm we have been vouchsafed Brenda Frazier, Daisy Fellowes, Peggy Joyce, Mabel Boll, Mrs. Stanwood Menken, Herbert Swope, Jock Whitney, Serge Obolensky, Gloria Vanderbilt, Tommy Hitchcock, Doris Duke, the Grand Duchess Marie, William Rhinelanders Stew-

art and almost everybody else who can get a table in the front section of the Colony or enter the Stork Club without a visa.

This species of sophistication is a tony paraphrase of the old Lew Dockstader protocol, and is calculated with much the same purpose in end, which is to say, to instill in the audience, nine-tenths of whom live in Brooklyn, the Bronx and West 110th Street, the implication that they are the very part and parcel of the high life of the town and are to be accepted and treated as souls fully privy to all its esoteric goings on. In Lew's case — Lew's idea of society being anybody who wore a necktie — the names were those of a town's more eminent cops, bartenders and aldermen. But Lew's plebeian audiences for some time were just as tickled by his wily intimation that they were on buddy terms with them as have been the later audiences in the instance of the somewhat more *soigné* confidences.

II

The Continental sophisticated school, represented by such playwrights as Molnar, Guitry, *et al.*, have permitted their dichotomous ennui an expansive occupation with sex. In their exhibits it has been not the

stork that brings babies, so to speak, but the wolf. However and nevertheless, being *very* sophisticated, their wolf, for all his lupine machination, is indicated to have a liberal streak of the stork in him. This is known as the charming and delicate Continental approach. Thus, a lady has an affair with a man less with the man himself than with her romantic idea of him. Thus, especially with the French school, contraband physical love has for years generally been less the result of passion than of a droll epigrammatic bout, accompanied by the necessary amount of Pol Roger, in a *cabinet particulier*, of the mere mention of Deauville, or of a husband who wears whiskers and is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, which holds night sessions.

This Continental sophistication has long resolved itself into four more or less specific catalogues. In the first, a philandering husband is duly put in his place by a wife who herself takes a fling, or at least insinuates that she has taken one. In the second, a lover and his mistress differ amiably over her interest in a younger man and wind up with her going off with the latter and with the lover complacently making a rendezvous over the telephone with either a former flame or

the midinette who delivered milady's hat in Act 1. In the third, two married couples discover an interest in each other's wives and husbands, and after two hours of amorous hide-and-seek and after the men have elaborately lied to each other over numerous cognacs and the women have equally elaborately lied to each other and to the men that they are really in love with, respectively, Raoul and Étienne, two young art students who up to now haven't figured in the conversation, the couples again go whimsically on their old way. That is, save for a last moment hint that the aforementioned Raoul and Étienne, or rather their equivalents, may very possibly soon be waiting around the corner. In the fourth catalogue, a man and woman meet at a bal masqué, in an opera box, or something of the sort, fall under each other's spell, make an assignation, and thereafter return to their own firesides with such a transcendent luminosity in their eyes and with such a sudden accretion of charm that their wife and husband hardly know them.

That all this quote sophistication unquote has now pretty well had its day is suggested by, among other things, a line that Molnar himself has incorporated into his latest play. When his wife in the

second act begins to speak much the same kind of pseudo-cynical stuff that Molnar got away with for years, his husband is made to return with considerable impatience, "For Heaven's sake, no more of that sophisticated talk; I'm sick of it!" In point of fact, Molnar indicates his belief that sophistication is theatrically done for by turning turtle so completely that you can barely recognize the once sardonic old boy. His play is so sentimentally soft and sticky that it wouldn't surprise us if he changed his name, now that he is in refugee exile, to Milnar. Sophistication or no sophistication, however, he has gone too far. If the public is fed up on sophistication it doesn't mean that it is hungry for pap of this kind, which — to give it only one swift boot — actually has the shamelessness punningly to name a play laid in a delicatessen store *Delicate Story*.

III

If the curtain isn't yet wholly down on sophistication, it surely is descending rapidly. The road to the storehouse is paved with epigrams on love and marriage. The door of the storehouse has the latch out for sex with its toenails painted red

and a perfumed cigarette dangling superciliously from its lips. The storehouse dray horses relish as tasty oats songs about Dwight Fiske, Dorothy Parker and Tommy Manville. And the late Mr. Cain rolls over in his grave whenever he hears again from a stage so much as a mention, even nostalgically, of St. Moritz, the Berkeley, Bea, Gertie, El Morocco, the international set, Schiaparelli, the Duke of Windsor, Hispano-Suiza, Cartier's, Mainbocher, Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, chemin de fer, sidecars, stingers, baccarat, Como, Monte Carlo, Elizabeth Arden, 21, Mrs. Otis, Theodore, pâté de foie gras, the Queen's milliner, Mouton Rothschild '98, Capri, Cairo, Aiken, Southampton, Palm Beach, or even Fanny Ward.

The dramatic successes of the season have been, rather, *The Corn Is Green*, which treats of a crusading schoolteacher's ambition to coach a poor young boy into Oxford; *George Washington Slept Here*, which deals with the problems of city folk who go to live in the country; *Charley's Aunt*, which shows a college youth farcically masquerading as a roughhousing old lady; and Shakespeare's lyric *Twelfth Night*. The musical successes have been *Panama Hattie*, with songs actually called *My*

Mother Would Love You and Let's Be Buddies, by the suddenly reformed Cole Porter; *Boys and Girls Together*, with the childishly innocent jovialities of Ed Wynn; *Hold on to Your Hats*, with Al Jolson singing *Mammy*, *It Isn't Raining Rain Today, It's Raining Violets and Sunny Boy*; and *Cabin in the Sky*, in which God and the Devil struggle for the soul of Dooley Wilson and in which God, with the help of Ethel Waters, Dooley's devoted wife, gets it.

REMEMBERED ISLAND

BY CLIFFORD GESSLER

WILL you remember how light came in that country,
sifted through leaves? And how the sunlight lay
clean on the washed sand, the patterned shade
deep in the sanded street?

Or will you forget the crying of the terns
past the low, melon-tawny moon (and the coiling smoke
of the husk-fires was an incense to our nostrils),
the mats hard under our bodies, wind salty and clean,
and the flower-scent in the hair of the young dancers?

There was song in those nights, and the shuffle of brown feet
stirring the pebbled sand, and the bodies shone
tawny-gold in the dancing, under the moon.

Did we think, then, what it was to be young in that country
as day flowed into day, whispering peace?

Here now, walking on cold, sleek pavements,
fog coiled at our throats, and the moon pallid,
the work slow to find, and the food dear in the buying —
I think sometimes, did we dream that wreath-shaped island,
or does it still lie somewhere, clean and fragrant,
in the vast meadow of that unkeeled sea?

(And our friends there eating the good flesh of the turtle
and the ancestral ghosts, in shadow, sharing the feast!)

Aue ho'i, my friend, those days and that island
are farther now than the measure of any miles.

O lost bright world! and thick around us here
lie strewn the crumpled petals of the years.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

ABOUT Mr. Flynn's article. — History, like Scripture, can be quoted to prove nearly anything. There is so much of it. John T. Flynn, in this issue, draws on its resources skilfully to prove that we should steer clear of "the age-old controversies of Europe and Asia" and concentrate on solving domestic problems. Unhappily the moral of history's story is not nearly so clear. There have been critical historical periods when nations and entire civilizations had to defend themselves against barbarian hordes or merely against different civilizations. Some succeeded in surviving; others were overwhelmed and absorbed or diluted by the conquerors. Whatever the consequences of those conflicts, viewed now in convenient perspective, we can no more blame a civilization than an individual for putting up a last-ditch fight for survival. If worthy of surviving, it will make the fight despite the fact that there are unsolved problems at home.

There is no need, unfortunately, to delve into ancient times for convincing proofs that nations do not survive merely by turning

away their eyes from onrushing danger outside and giving all their attention to dangers closer to home. The events of the past year are far more eloquent and appropriate to the argument. Norway, Holland, Rumania, Finland, and an array of others who tried to ignore the "age-old controversies" have been trampled to death or crippled by the dynamic, insatiable mechanized barbarism now on the march.

Mr. Flynn, like so many others who would avoid external threats by wishing them out of existence, assumes that we in America have a choice between involvement and non-involvement in the controversies at present exploding on a world-wide scale. He underlines the risks and the costs of attempting to stop the totalitarian rampage before it reaches our doors and recommends that we "begin at the beginning" by tackling local threats before tackling the world threat. Like those others, he fails utterly to calculate the costs and risks of *not* stopping that rampage. The assumption of his argument is that the collapse of Great Britain and the consolidation of Nazi world

dominance would still leave us free to carry on with the adjustment of our own national life. What if it proves a false assumption?

No one denies the importance of repairing holes in the roof and nailing down loose floorboards — but what if the whole house is on fire? Can we really wish away a flood roaring in our direction by concentrating on the leak in the bathroom? There is no reason why the domestic repair work should be abandoned even while the greater destruction is being fought off. But I submit that Mr. Flynn's dictum — "what concerns us most in America is our domestic problem" — does not offer the slightest help in meeting the Nazi threat to Western civilization, to American self-interest, to our national independence.

Policy. — Although THE AMERICAN MERCURY disagrees with much of what Mr. Flynn writes in this article, we are pleased to publish it as an able and honest statement of a viewpoint shared by a great many Americans.

This magazine supports wholeheartedly our government's program of maximum national defense and maximum aid to Great Britain and its allies in their struggle to defeat the Axis. We believe that our only chance of avoiding war now —

or an even more devastating war later — depends on a crushing defeat of the Nazis and their associates. We regard our nation's security as directly at stake in the war now under way. Failure to throw the full weight of American resources on our own side of the scale, in our view, would be suicidal.

There are those who call this attitude "hysterical." We can only match the compliment by pointing out that hysteria is usually a withdrawal from reality, and that the adjective therefore fits the extreme isolationists with particular aptness. But we have no patent rights on this or any other truth, even when it seems to us self-evident. We shall continue to keep our pages open to free discussion on the high level of intellectual integrity where Americans like Mr. Flynn do their thinking and their writing.

Types of Tyranny. — No doubt there have been, in previous epochs, patterns of life and government roughly approximating those now on view in Germany and Russia. Mr. Flynn therefore has some justification for denying that the current totalitarian regimes represent "something new and unique." But these regimes, it happens, do possess distinguishing character-

istics. They are distinctly Twentieth Century types of tyranny, resting on the technological achievements of our time. They monopolize life more completely, more jealously, than any major dictatorship of the past. Their sociological structure is integrated with a philosophy and a "morality" that is novel. One or another of these elements may be found in the records of the past — the combination of all the elements in one complex is decidedly new and unique.

There have been governments which exercised absolutist rights over politics, economy, the mind, the spirit in varying degrees. The Twentieth Century totalitarianism exercises a *total* monopoly over *all* these aspects of life. Not a corner of the physical world, not a cranny of the inner world of thought and faith is left open to the individual.

The completeness of the modern dictatorship was inconceivable in the past. No tyrant or ruling class could so fully dominate a nation's life without the airplanes, telegraph, radio, rotary presses, machine-guns of our day. Remoter outposts of an empire, remoter corners of a man's thought, in the past might escape the attentions of the rulers. Today

they can put a uniform on the bodies and the minds of their subjects and inflict their will instantaneously on the farthest sections of their domains.

In the past tyrannical governments frankly imposed their absolutism on inferior populations. They did not necessarily insist that slavery was desirable as a way of life. But this is the philosophy and the ethic of today's dictatorships, which not merely expunge liberty but regard it as evil in itself.

Finally, no one has grasped the reality of the totalitarian idea who thinks of it as a variation on an old theme — of Hitler as a new kind of Hohenzollern and Stalin as a modernized Romanoff. Though the regimes are personalized in an individual, they rest on the fervent acquiescence of millions. The totalitarian dictator symbolizes a collective man, a hydra-headed new creature, and not — like absolutist monarchs before them — a dispersed collection of individuals.

In Twentieth Century dictatorship we face a new phenomenon — more challenging, more dangerous, more greedy than any that went before.

— EUGENE LYONS



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE PASADENA *Star-News* heralds a treat for music lovers:

Feature of the men's dinner meeting at the Immanuel Baptist Church will be unusual piano entertainment by Prof. Zadok Arkush. Prof. Arkush will play his original march, "For God and Country," to open the program, and will continue by playing two selections at the same time, one with the right hand, and one with the left. He will play "The Old Rugged Cross" with his nose, while blindfolded, and play "Nearer My God to Thee" on the piano strings.

ALARMING notice seen on a Los Angeles billboard:

PARISH DINNER

Roast Beef.....50c
Children.....25c

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

PROGRESS of rearmament — an ad in the Washington *Daily News*:

CHILDREN LOVE NATIONAL DEFENSE, THE NEW TARGET GAME. A machine gun turns on a swivel, and as you turn the handle, it shoots metal pellets with machine-gun rapidity . . . at such targets as dangling airplanes, descending parachute jumpers, revolving gun turrets, and a red target that rings the bell when you're lucky enough to hit it! Over all, a background of running soldiers and bombing planes. \$1.89.

IOWA

SCIENCE and Religion join hands to settle a vexing problem for the faithful of Des Moines, announces the *Register*:

Scientific information gives backing to the belief that "there are more people in heaven than in hell," the Rev. John N. Garst said Sunday evening in his sermon at the First Baptist Church. The basis in science for this belief, he said, is found in mortality tables which show that only in comparatively recent years have adult deaths exceeded deaths of children. Among the inhabitants of heaven are the children. Their place there has been assured because they are among those classed as 'not accountable.' In this class also are those who are adult in body but deficient in mind.

NEW YORK

A SHINING example of cooperation between municipal departments is afforded by the metropolis of Cuba through the columns of the local *Patriot and Free Press*:

The board of trustees of Cuba Village, at a meeting last week, appointed Thomas Musto as Chief of Police to succeed R. J. Valentine, resigned. Mr. Musto "gave notice" to Phelps and Sibley Co., Inc., by whom he is employed, and will begin his duties shortly. In the meantime Glenn A. William, Superintendent of Streets, is handling traffic at the intersection of West Main and Elm Streets.

ADVERTISING executives reveal the cash value of genius and religion in the New York *Herald Tribune's* Help Wanted columns:

HARD-TO-FIND PERSONNEL

342 Madison Av. Art director adv.
gency exp. 28-35, Chr. genius,
emi-genius.....\$75

NEW JERSEY

CHURCHMAN battles the Fiend in Jersey City, as chronicled by the New York *Times*:

The Rev. James D. Boysell, pastor of Claremont Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, staged a dramatic "debate" tonight with "Satan," personified by a young deacon wearing the horns, tail and red garb that compose the traditional devil's costume. Interest in the performance was heightened by a series of mishaps that began shortly after he announced plans for the debate. "The devil made his appearance last Sunday evening and put the chiming tower of the church on the blink," declared the pastor, with a smile. "On Tuesday I was writing the script for the debate," he said. "As I was writing the title, 'What has Become of the Devil' the sexton informed me that the church boiler had blown up. Yesterday my car ran out of gas in traffic and this evening as I opened a door, a hymn book fell and hit me on the head."

NEVADA

THE highly experienced city of Reno promises further variety for

husbands in a communication noted by the Santa Rosa (Texas) *Signal*:

We recently received a chain letter of the out-of-the-ordinary variety. It is as follows: "*To Whom It May Concern:* This chain was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired businessmen. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends. Then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list. Then, when your name works to the top, you will in return receive 15,176 gorgeous girls. HAVE FAITH AND DO NOT BREAK THE CHAIN. One man broke the chain and got his own wife back."

WISCONSIN

STRIKING acumen of a Lake State farmer, reported in the Marinette *Eagle Star*, is recommended to the attention of the American Medical Association:

A valuable team of mules belonging to Earl Price was found dead in his barn on Tuesday morning. Mr. Price knew the mules were dead because they wouldn't eat.

TEXAS

A LESSON in consideration for the sick is offered the citizenry of Santa Rosa by the *Signal*:

Henry Bergman returned to his new home from the Valley Baptist Hospital Tuesday and is resting easy. He is glad to receive certain visitors.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Vanished Passenger Pigeon

ON the first day of September, twenty-six years ago, a slim-winged bird of delicate blue and fawn plumage which had been on exhibition in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens toppled from its perch and fell dead on the floor of its cage. The incident attracted wider attention than the passing of zoo captives customarily receives. The bird was a passenger pigeon. Precisely, it was *the* passenger pigeon. It was the sole surviving member of that race of "wild blue doves" which once had inhabited our country in such multitudes that the migrating flocks darkened the noonday sky and the vibrance of rushing wings had the sound, said Audubon, of "a gale passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel." What happened on that fall day in 1914 was a good deal more than the dying of a bird in a zoo. What happened, in the eloquent words of the zoologist Hegner, was that "another of our 'inexhaustible resources' had come to an end."

The vanishing of the passenger

pigeon is often enough alluded to and its extinction deplored, but the manner of that vanishing is not often told. Occasionally it is hinted that there was some "mystery" about it . . . that an unprecedented storm on Lake Michigan wiped out the birds, or that a baffling plague came upon them so that they were extirpated over night. The actual story of the passenger pigeons — the part they once played in the American wild scene, and the reason why now they are gone forever — has been infrequently set down. It is a tale worth telling. There is no mystery about it. There is only a considerable melancholy.

When Champlain was on the coast of Maine in 1605 he observed delightedly the presence of a species of soft-feathered blue-gray doves. There were, he recorded, an "infinite" number of the birds. They passed over the heads of his party with that curious soft sweet whistling of wings that is characteristic of pigeon-flight, and settled numerous, with low murmurous

voices, in the nearby evergreen trees. No less delightful to Champlain than the "infinite" numerousness of these delicately plumaged wild pigeons was their singular trustfulness. For all that they were remarkably fleet of wing when they were to fly, they appeared to be as suspicious of man as were the flightless dodos which had been discovered a few years before on the island of Mauritius, and which were currently affording amusement to Portuguese sailors who walked up to the waddling birds and clubbed them to death with barrel staves. Champlain sent his men among the roosting pigeons, and, as he puts it, "took a great quantity."

That is one of the earliest records of the white man's experience with the passenger pigeons, and it well sets the tone for subsequent events. The Jesuits, exploring Nova Scotia a decade later, also found the pigeons to be "infinite," and also, in the same grim phrase, "took great quantities." In the Plymouth Colony, by 1643, the colonists had become so fascinated by the possibility of limitless slaughter among the pigeons that Winthrop has a phrase about its "being incredible what multitudes of the doves were killed daily." In Carolina, by 1702, the ingenious settlers had devised

such efficient methods of grain-baiting for the legions of birds that one particularly expert hunter was able on a notable day to record securing seventy-one pigeons with two shots of a flintlock. From Nova Scotia to Florida, in every part of the Atlantic region where the colonizers came, there were discovered the same gratifyingly "limitless" numbers of pigeons, and there took place the same kind of enthusiastic and enormous killings among them.

The passenger pigeons were migrants. They fed on acorns and hemlock seeds and a variety of nuts and berries, as well as on beetles and caterpillars, and in seasonal pursuit of their food they banded together in flocks so huge that the watching settlers could hardly credit their senses. There were pigeon flocks five miles wide and more than two hundred miles in length, great whistling-winged throngs that required three days to pass a given observation point, hordes of pigeons that were reckoned by careful calculators to contain more than two billion birds. When the great flocks were passing, the air was heavy with the pungent scent of them and the light of the sun was obscured as by an eclipse; and at night, when the birds came down to roost in the forest, the branches of massive oaks and pines

were broken down by the weight of their numbers. "From right to left, as far as the eye could reach," wrote Alexander Wilson, "the vast procession extended"; and other observers recorded how in the pigeons' winter roosting-places the constant crash of breaking limbs was like the sound of gunfire in the night, and how once, between Hardensburgh, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky, the sporting citizens lined the banks of the Ohio and fired broadsides incessantly into a flock of passing pigeons for eight successive days.

The pigeons' nesting was communal like their feeding and traveling. By tens of thousands they massed together in the woods to build their frail nests of twigs, often a hundred nests to a single tree. Each female customarily laid only one egg or occasionally two, and the male and female pigeons, after the devoted fashion of most doves, took turns with the eggs' incubation and later in the rearing of the squabs. The young were fed on the "pigeon's-milk" from their parents' crops; and for miles around a nesting place there could be heard the soft cooing of the countless parents and fledglings. Ever unsuspecting of man, the pigeons at nesting time became almost wholly heedless of his pres-

ence. A man could walk among the nest-laden trees and cause no disturbance beyond a little momentary rustling of soft-feathered wings, a little puzzled scrutiny by scarlet-irised eyes that watched him with mild wonderment.

II

The early colonists, finding available a bird so numerous, so communal and so trusting, accomplished as much depredation as they could, but it was in the nineteenth century that pigeon killing became efficiently organized on a large scale. It was apparent that in pigeon meat there could be profit, and the commercial-minded developers of the country undertook to realize it. The old methods of the hunter were replaced by the new methods of the professional fowler . . . replaced so expertly that a fair day's haul in pigeon netting came to be reckoned as two hundred and fifty dozen birds. By the time of the Civil War there were upwards of a thousand fowlers giving all their time to the capturing and killing of passenger pigeons. The fowlers' numbers were augmented by the helpers who went into pigeon roosts at night, firing half-a-hundred charges of bird shot simultaneously, so that the dead

pigeons fell to earth like rain around them, and by the squab gatherers who went into the birds' communal nesting places and carried off the plump young birds which were as yet unable to fly. It was all extremely profitable, while the markets of the city of New York alone took a hundred thousands of pigeons every day, and the use of every other great city were similarly good customers. It seems to have occurred to no one that the supply of even the "limitless" wild pigeons would not withstand such intensive pillage indefinitely. It seems to have occurred, at any rate, only to the Indians. The Indians had lived on pigeons for centuries; but there was a law in the tribes that young pigeons must never be molested before they could fly, and a law likewise that no more pigeons must be killed at a time than could properly be smoked for food. The Indians brought these matters to the white man's notice, and remonstrated with him. A Chief of the Pottawottami uttered a long grave plea that had in it a good deal of simple eloquence and a great deal of sound conservation sense. But the country's white exploiters gave no heed. Towards the end of the century the pigeons were so scarce in the East that few were to be found

for the New York market except in the wooded Catskills, but even then — in that same era when Western railroads were advertising that passengers might amuse themselves, without charge, by shooting at bison from the observation platforms of the moving trains — the dwindling flocks were being unabatedly trapped and shot.

The end came quickly. By the 1880's the once-great flocks of the Middle West had become only occasional stragglers; by the 'nineties a great migration flock was nowhere to be found in the country; by the turn of the century the last of the professional fowlers had to turn to other means of livelihood. Fourteen years later, when a solitary pigeon fell dead in the zoo cage where it had been on exhibition as a unique curiosity, the race of "wild blue doves" that once darkened the American sky in their myriads vanished forever from the earth.

That is the story of the going of the passenger pigeons. That is the story of why the word "pigeon," which once meant hordes of shimmering wings, and a rushing murmurous music in the American wild places, means now only a dingy fancier-bred bird that creeps on soot-stained feet around the grimy cornices of office buildings.

THE LIBRARY

The Poor Vanderbilts

BY AMY VANDERBILT

"MADAM," said the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt's butler, as she was serving tea at 1 East 67th Street to two of my less fortunate cousins, "there is a messenger here from the bank with an envelope he insists on delivering to you personally."

"Well, show him up," barked the old lady who, to historians at least, was Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt II. The messenger handed her the bonds only to have them tossed back at him promptly.

"You may tell the bank," said the lady in her severest tone, "that when they address me properly, I shall receive their correspondence. I know of no Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. I am Mrs. Vanderbilt."

There is always a Mrs. Vanderbilt without any prefixed first-name handles or suffixed numerals — *the* Mrs. Vanderbilt. In 1934 *the* Mrs. Vanderbilt about whom the above anecdote is told died and her title passed to her son's wife, who, though not so insistent in the mat-

ter as her mother-in-law, does to be known as Mrs. Vanderk. In case, by now, you are properly confused, she is the Vanderbilt now regarded as the leader of New York society — she of the beige fox scarves (it isn't true that she has only one and that one ratty), the diamond stomacher and the headache bands. She is the long-suffering mother of Neely, thrice divorced and oft-bankrupt scion of the house, whose weakness for loud journalism has increased his standing neither in journalistic nor society circles. Her husband is General Vanderbilt, who loves the military but loves not society and shows it by camping out most of the time on his houseboat.

For years I have not thought, one way or the other, about being a Vanderbilt, until a volume such as the one just published — *The Vanderbilt Legend* by Wayne Andrews¹ — comes along to remind

¹ *The Vanderbilt Legend*, by Wayne Andrews. \$3.50. Harcourt, Brace.

ne. But it was not always so. As a small child and later, in my adolescence, I suffered acutely because, although a *bona fide* Vanderbilt, I had no money. Well, not the kind of money that is termed Vanderbilt money. I had been born a poor Vanderbilt.

My own family was considerably shy on the subject, too. My mother was embarrassed when shopping because the salesgirls, in waiting the check for modest purchases, invariably asked if she were one of the Vanderbilts. She always said "No," to avoid further discussion of the matter. They still ask me the same, and I say "Yes" with a look that defies further comment.

The fact that there *are* poor Vanderbilts has somehow been slurred over by the press and the public; by everyone, indeed, except the said poor Vanderbilts. There are the monthly bills, there is the need for careful budgeting, to remind them if ever they should forget. The truth is that there are more poor Vanderbilts than rich ones. Although there are only fifteen Vanderbilt listings in the New York telephone book (two of them mine, and one my father's), and only eleven Vanderbilts listed under "Married Maidens" in the Social Register, and only nine Vanderbilt listings in the rest of the

book, the family is enormous. But enormous! Maybe not yet as extensive as the Smith family, but well on the way.

The latest book on "the Vanderbilt legend" pulls out the old chestnuts that all Vanderbilts are rich, unintellectual, ostentatious, snobbish and, above all, penurious. Of course there have been, and possibly still are, Vanderbilts to fit all these adjectives. But these adjectives do not fit all the Vanderbilts or even a substantial portion of the clan. The low-down, if you want it, is that there is almost as much variety among Vanderbilts as among Smiths and Andrewses.

Mr. Wayne Andrews, who writes this book, is evidently a Vanderbilt-phobe. I was not surprised to learn, on investigation, that he is a very young man, that this is his first book, and that he is not listed in the Social Register. The Vanderbilt legend has a way of intruding itself on young men, who go to Harvard and such, who are society-conscious and not in the Book.

Mr. Andrews records one piece of familiar information, however, that would have consoled me as a child. The "Commodore" had eight sons, three daughters and thirty-two grandchildren. Allowing for time and nature to take their well-known course, that makes a

terrific pile of descendants, even if you do leave \$105,000,000. For many members of his immediate family it meant, if not poverty, certainly extremely modest circumstances. The women of the family, moreover, got the wrong end of the stick when the will was read. Most of them got a mere \$250,000 apiece and only one got as much as \$500,000, in trust. When the sections begin to be subdivided over the years among a collection of grand- and great-grandchildren, some of them not too wise in money matters, you head for the sort of trouble that hit extensions of the line like myself.

II

Some of those great-grandchildren, poor little Vanderbilts, were and are pretty unhappy, blood-proud, arrogant creatures without clothes to their backs. One of them finally sought haven in the Marines after running through — in pseudo-play-boy style — the pittance that came down to him. He thought it was expected.

There are plenty of what we, in our family, call "hand-out" Vanderbilts around. When they could no longer get their remittance money from Chauncey Depew (who gave out for the Commo-

dore's estate) or from Frederick who was generous to the extreme especially with the "have-not" members, some of them went on relief. Yes, Vanderbilts on relief. The Commodore knew what he was talking about when, on asked for a donation out of pocket he answered "Why, if I sit that, I'd have a line outside a block long." In addition to his immense large family, he had a brother Jacob, a power on Staten Island and wealthy himself, comparatively speaking. He also had two sisters. Think of their kin, too, in visualizing some of the demands which were made on the Commodore and on his current descendants by the army able to claim Vanderbilt connections.

When I was in Holland, I went to Haarlem, said to be the family seat of the Vanderbilts. The original founders seem to have been of the *burgemeister* or landowner class. There are several Vanderbilts buried under the floor of the Haarlem Kerk but I could find only one live one, an old man. The name is not common in Holland. It was Jan Aoertsen Van Der Bilt who settled in Flatbush in 1650, not Art Jan- sen, as Mr. Andrews states. It is probably true, then, that everyone in this country whose surname is legally Vanderbilt, is descended

from the same Hollander. When I look at some of his numerous progeny I am more than willing to stress my fancy Irish and English inheritance on my mother's side.

On the other hand, there are Vanderbilts who, starting from relatively poor, have been successful, well-educated citizens without any excess of *chi-chi* in spite of their names. One of them is Arthur T. Vanderbilt, former president of the New Jersey Bar Association, a Phi Beta Kappa who this year received the organization's citation for high intellectual leadership. Robert T. Vanderbilt is a successful New York chemist. Young Sanderson Vanderbilt is a *New Yorker* writer and newspaper man. None of these is listed in the Social Register. Incidentally, there is no reason why all the Vanderbilts should know one another. Harold Vanderbilt did not recognize his first cousin, once removed, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., when the latter was "covering" the Cup Races. At that, when he was made to understand that Neely was a Vanderbilt, too, he wouldn't believe it.

Much to my surprise, as I waded through Mr. Andrews' biased book on my family I found that the moneyed branch of it, contrary to what everyone including myself

has always heard, has given large sums of money to philanthropy. With only the evidence of Mr. Andrews' will listings before me, I sum up over \$12,500,000 donated by the Vanderbilts to charity in the past sixty-seven years, or since the last days of the Commodore. And that gentleman, supposedly noted for his niggardliness, kicked in \$1,500,000 of that total. And I am not counting gifts to the public of such holdings as the Long Island Motor Parkway or Frederick Vanderbilt's place at Hyde Park.

The general misconception derives, it seems, from the fact that many of the Vanderbilts gave to charities while they lived instead of at the time of their death, which did not make such good reading in the papers. Others, like Harold, give plenty in a quiet way without public announcement. And all the educational grants have not gone to Vanderbilt University, either; large hunks (one of \$1,000,000 at one time from Frederick the Giver) have gone to Yale and Harvard. If you have a college-age Vanderbilt boy in your family, there's a room (number 31) waiting for him at Yale.

The reigning Vanderbilts, in most cases, were no dopes in college, either, even if they were and are billed as playboys in the gossip

columns. Frederick W. took his Ph.B. at Yale; Harold Stirling took his A.B. and his law degree at Harvard; Cornelius III, the "General," has a Ph.B. from Yale and an Engineering degree as well. The present William H., former Governor of Rhode Island, a Princeton man, is a white hope of the young Republicans.

It's the women of the family, most of whom were not Vanderbilts but just married to them, who caused the most outcries against Vanderbilt extravagance and lack of taste. Some of them have been unfortunate, to say the least, in their choice of friends, and most of the women have been neglected from an educational standpoint. But then, they're no worse off in that respect than most of the daughters of the very rich. No matter, too, how little the present Vanderbilt men seem to be doing to insure their patrimony, it does grow. They show native executive ability to a man. William Henry, whom Mr. Andrews consistently calls timid and unaggressive, was able more than to double his take by the time of his death. He increased the money left him by his father from \$90,000,000 to \$200,000,000, and he didn't do it lolling on his yacht.

The Commodore, lusty and shrewd as he was, undoubtedly had more fun out of life than any of his heirs. William K. is quoted in *The Vanderbilt Legend* as saying, "If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain business in its possession, for a desire to increase his business has a constant use of it. But a man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction, and greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is denied him. He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add to an oversufficiency". Or, I might add, give it away.

But they have given a lot of it away and most of the wealthy ones will have plenty more to leave to good causes. I am glad none of it is coming to me. As Eleanor Roosevelt said recently, the day of great fortunes and great holdings is almost over. When the rest of the Vanderbilts go back to work I'll be way ahead of them. I've been in there doing just that for years by choice. I have so much Vanderbilt blood in me and I love it. But despite Mr. Andrews' play-by-play description of the Vanderbilt marriages, births, deaths and divorces, I still cannot keep them all straight. I don't know how anyone else can.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

OF THE NIGHT, by Jan Valtin. *Alliance*. This Book-of-the-Month selection for February is in many respects the most exciting personal document to come out of the tragic years between the two wars. What makes it especially significant, almost symbolic, of the period is that by a historic conjuncture of events the author's career as a secret agent of the Communist International merged with an amazing assignment as an agent of the German Gestapo. The two streams of brutalitarianism thus flowed together in his life, as they have in world politics. The total effect of his blood-curdling narrative is to convey the horror of a type of thought, regardless of its political color. The volume is especially recommended to those well-meaning liberals who still make fine distinctions between various brands of sadism.

As a boy the author was sucked into the revolutionary vortex of his native postwar Germany. From there he was drawn into a career as Moscow agent that took him into every country of the world, including the United States. That career ended about twenty years later, when Valtin escaped purge at the hands of Stalin's killers. In between, he crowded an incredible sum-total of sheer adventure, experience in prisons and torture chambers, intimate flesh-and-blood contact with the horrifying cruelties of both Red and Brown dictatorships. The 841 pages of this unusual autobiography depict the political underworld of Communism and Nazism in terms of one man's life and works. Whether read as a document of our times or as a tale of strange people, strange places, strange events, Jan Valtin's book will haunt the reader always. We do not hesitate to prophesy that it will have a profound effect

in curing the political innocence of thousands of Americans.

U. S. CAMERA 1941, edited by T. J. Maloney. Pictures judged by Edward Steichen. \$4.85. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. This year's U. S. Camera emerges in handsome two-volume format, Volume I devoted to special phases of camera work by leading photographers: J. W. McManigal's agricultural pictures; Dorothea Lange's pictures with a purpose, with commentary by Pere Lorentz; and contributions by Lusha Nelson, Carl Mydans, and others. Eliot Elisofon writes on the use of the flash. William Henry Jackson, the ninety-seven-year-old pioneer, is represented with Western pictures and a deserved tribute. In the second volume scores of photographers contribute outstanding studies. The annual this year is characterized by a greater range in subjects and techniques, with hundreds of pictures, including color work.

THE CITY OF MAN, by William Allan Neilson, Herbert Agar, William Yandell Elliott, Lewis Mumford and thirteen others. \$1.00. *Viking*. Here is some tonic which is guaranteed to put hair on democracy's chest. Democracy must quit being little Red Riding Hood and learn how to take care of itself. It needs cartridges in the little yellow basket instead of butter patties. The authors outline a program for "total democracy" which is deadly earnest and no fooling. They grimly face the question of restricting the civil liberties and activities of democratic foes and argue persuasively for a new psychology of democratic self-discipline.

LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS, by H. Spencer Jones. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. While we are blowing ourselves up on this world Mr.

Jones goes on placidly surveying the possibility of the existence of life on others. Mars, which is only 35,000,000 miles away at certain points in its orbit, may offer a haven for James Thurber's last boy, last girl and last flower. The change in the surface color of Mars from season to season would seem to show, says Mr. Jones, the existence of vegetation, although he discounts the theory that intelligent beings have constructed so-called Martian "canals." While he is not too hopeful, Mr. Jones nevertheless suggests that for all we know other solar systems may have inhabitable planets with all the blessings (sic) of civilized living.

AN INQUIRY INTO MEANING AND TRUTH, by Bertrand Russell. \$3.75. *Norton*. This is the substance of the lectures that Mr. Russell would have delivered at the College of the City of New York "if my appointment there had not been annulled." Mayor La Guardia should read it on a dull night when his fireman's helmet hangs restlessly in the closet. Here is razor-sharp academic reasoning on strictly *luftische* problems without an off-color marital notion in its 450 pages. Even Mr. Russell's pigeons, which he uses to illustrate a point, are "models of conjugal virtue." Mr. Russell "once introduced among them a new hen pigeon very like one of the previous married hens. The husband mistook the new hen for his wife, and began cooing around her. Suddenly he discovered his mistake, and looked just as embarrassed as a man would look in similar circumstances."

YELLOW WOLF: *His Own Story*, by Luculus Virgil McWhorter. Illustrated. \$3.50. *Caxton*. An account of the Nez Percé War of 1877, the last great Indian war in this country, by one of the warriors of the tribe. Yellow Wolf told his story to Mr. McWhorter who has annotated and documented it. The story of the Indians' loss of their homeland is a pitiful and moving one.

FICTION

MY NAME IS ARAM, by William Saroyan. \$2. *Harcourt, Brace*. The theatre critics, watching the phenomenon of William Saroyan,

have already begun to assert that he is through. That prodigy won't be through for a long time yet. The critics didn't understand his genius when they were so extravagantly praising him. They thought he had some deep message; they didn't know that he is primarily a humorist, and a great and peculiar kind of humorist. Saroyan, who is an Armenian born among the lettuce fields around California, is an ironist like Pirandello, a satirist like Jaroslav Hasek. Here, in the sketches of the thirty-eight Garos, an Armenian family, he gives himself. It should be obvious even to Richard V. drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune* that it was not written to convey a "significant" message about the proletariat but that it is gorgeous humor, humor of the heart and mind, funny even when it is a trifle pathetic — as all great humor should be.

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, by Willa Cather. \$2.50. *Knopf*. This is the finest, the subtlest, the most beautiful novel that Miss Cather has ever written, better even than *My Antonia*, both in form and in substance; more touching than *A Lost Lady*. It is, simply, a masterpiece — a psychological masterpiece as quietly harrowing as *Wuthering Heights*, as deceptively simple as a novel by *Merimée*. It is the story of the persecution of a mulatto girl, who is beautiful, by her mistress, who is not, and of the strange conflict that develops when the mistress wishes the slave girl to be sold and her husband, long suffering from his wife's jealousy, refuses.

LOTTE IN WEIMAR, by Thomas Mann. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The dilemma of the book trade in Europe today is tragically symbolized by this new edition, in the original German, of Thomas Mann's touching novel previously published here as *The Beloved Returns*. Printed in America, it is distributed here by Harcourt, Brace for a German publishing firm who are exiles like the author. The binding is credited to a Prague artist, Hugo Steiner, also in exile. As usual, those who can read the original text will find it vastly better than the translation.

THE OPEN FORUM

EUGENE LYONS AND HOW HOWE UNDERSTANDS HIM

If letters carried subtitles this one is called "Eugene Lyons and Howe to and Him." For it is occasioned by his review entitled "Quincy Howe and to Understand Him" which set forth of his views on the world situation just a little book set forth some of mine. As author of *Assignment in Utopia* he has won courage and skill in challenging the dominant convictions of orthodox liberals. And when he replied to their attacks, he did not have to say — as he now does in criticizing a point of view with which most orthodox liberals are in disagreement — that he was being "deliberately unfair." He could abide by the Marquis of Queensberry rules and still score knockouts.

I am not comparing the book into which he poured so much righteous wrath, so much personal disillusionment, so much first-hand knowledge, with my little tract for the times. I am, though, comparing his response to my much humbler effort with the response of the orthodox liberals to his. And I can't help detecting in his criticism of a non-interventionist's views some of the same doubts and fears that his critics, in their time, concealed behind their attacks on his work.

I don't have to remind Mr. Lyons or the readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of the refusal of his critics to meet the facts he presented, and he is too good a journalist (not to embarrass him by mentioning any other attributes) to resort to the methods that many of his critics applied to him — with deadly results to themselves. Indeed, he enumerates in some detail the evidence that I have assembled to the effect that most people who write and interpret our news are pro-British and pro-war. Apparently there is no doubt about the evidence.

If I have erred, it is not in distorting the truth. My error is that I reserve my disapproval only for "moral fervor on the side of aid to Britain." I say nothing about moral fervor on the side of peace, neutrality, isolation, non-intervention, or what have you.

All of which suits the interventionist book perfectly. Because the interventionist case rests primarily on moral grounds and when the non-interventionist accepts the moral values of the interventionist or even tries to set up alternative moral values of his own, he is licked at the start. The moral case for war is always stronger — in time of war — than the moral case for peace. But if this war really is as "different" as the interventionists say it is, surely a reviewer as skillful as himself should be able to bring forward some facts to counterbalance the few I have put together. And "charming, testy, mock-naïve" as of course I am, surely such minor virtues must abound in the ranks of those who have established a clear monopoly to all the nobler qualities of man.

But I do not deny the soft impeachment that my book did have a purpose. The point is that it had an even larger purpose than the one he detected. And that larger purpose was to present certain facts about our news and where it comes from in a spirit that I hoped might prove contagious. I hoped that here and there a reviewer or reader might be found who would test and set forth his own views in the same way I tested and set forth mine. Because I care much less about anybody's opinions — even my own — than I do about the evidence on which those opinions rest. As far as I myself am concerned, I have no complaint to make of the editor of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. He has flattered me with more attention than I deserved. But in

doing so he has disappointed at least one of his readers, not in respect to Eugene Lyons but in respect to the cause to which Eugene Lyons has devoted talents that deserve a better release.

QUINCY HOWE

New York City.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES

Mr. Howe will grant, I am sure, that in *Assignment in Utopia* I spared neither adjectives nor irony in describing the attitude of certain liberals toward Russia. Why should he expect me to be more niggardly in describing the attitude of other liberals to other subjects? What he objects to, I gather, is the vigor of my manner, and there, I'm sorry to admit, he's got something. Though he holds it against me (rather illogically), I did have the grace to write that in reviewing his book I was being to some extent "deliberately unfair"—for the purpose of making a point. Deliberate and admitted emphasis of that type seems to me as legitimate in satiric writing as in cartooning. As for his arguments on "interventionism," it has been given full and many-sided attention in these pages—see Mr. Flynn in this issue, for instance.

EUGENE LYONS

SOCIAL WORK UNDER HITLER

SIR: William Bayles' article on "Living in Germany Today," in your January issue, is interesting. Mr. Bayles does not mention, however, or perhaps was not aware, that in the last three months the German concentration camps have been filled with a fresh crop of "pure Aryan" German citizens whose main "crime" is to have listened to foreign broadcasts. To give just an example, 12,000 arrived recently in Buchenwald alone for "corrective treatment." Estimates have reached me that the total number mounts into the hundreds of thousands.

Then, Mr. Bayles did not mention the latest outrage of the gangster minority ruling over Germany through terrorism, namely, the deportation of some 25,000 old and sick and helpless Jews, including all movable in-

mates of homes for old people, hospitals and insane asylums, to southern France. After slow trip of three-and-a-half days they are herded together now in Camp de Gurs, Basse-Pyrénées. Many died on the way, many hundreds are dying in camp daily. The oldest victim of the eviction was ninety-seven. They are getting at noon a small cup of coffee, without sugar or milk, and a piece of bread, and in the evening a little soup and bit of bread. That is all. No care, no hygienic arrangements, no clothing, no heating in the barracks. Naturally it would have been better had they simply given these old people whom they longer wished to feed a drug leading to a painless death, instead of killing them piecemeal and slowly; but not even such consideration is to be expected from these wild beasts calling themselves human beings and the "master race" of the world. The human species has sunk pretty low in certain sections of the globe and to call them wild beasts is really an insult to the animals.

I am not signing my name, merely because I still have relatives over in Germany, Aryans, as I happen to be myself. But I am sure these tragedies will not be surprising to Mr. Bayles or any other informed observer of Germany today. I am wondering whether the backbone of the German nation is really broken and crushed so completely that there is no hope of redemption. The large influx into the concentration camps recently indicates that there are at least a few backbones left, though I may be wrong.

A GERMAN READER

Philadelphia.

SIR: I was very much interested in William Bayles' article on conditions in Germany today. I was amused at the statement that sanitary napkins are not obtainable any more. Perhaps the Germans don't really need them anyway; aren't the women supposed to be pregnant all the time? Give us more articles like this.

JAMES S. BROOME

Utica,
New York.

R AND OUR DEMOCRACY

William Henry Chamberlin is a real any reader of his fine books knows. doesn't sound as realistic or liberal as does in their unplanned debate in Chamber issue. He says that our entrance to the war would convert us into a state. Yet in his article, in another column, he points out that England "has made a civil-liberties record in the midst of a life-and-death struggle!" Has he less America's ability to maintain such a

Chamberlin dredges up the long-for- Ole Hansens, Arthur Guy Empeys inferentially, the Mitchell Palmers, as ideal horrible products of our participation war. Aside from the fact that we've had them in each of our wars, they would have significance in his argument only if they and their ilk had permanently triumphed. The fact happens to be that they and the repressive wartime measures and postwar hysteria behind which they operated were presently kicked out of countenance when, the crisis over, the public had calmed down somewhat.

He assumes that permanent reaction would be the only result of our intervention in this war. But here again the record is wholly opposed to his case. It shows that however much we've backed up during a war, we have never yet failed to get our bearings again and to go forward toward a little more democracy. Since our entrance in the last war, indeed, America has experienced the greatest spread of democratic progress in her history. We have — so I judge from the growth of the labor movement and the deepening of liberal ideas — enormously strengthened our backlog of liberalism. I don't mean that one can be too sanguine about our Browders, Coughlins, *et al.*, but against them is a powerful, alert opposition.

Moreover it seems to me that Mr. Chamberlin falls, ironically enough, into the same error the Communists foster deliberately — the apparent assumption that our participation in this war would be primarily in the nature of *intervention*. It might have been "intervention" had we plunged in before

Hitler circumvented the Maginot Line. But it seems to be something different now. Even Mr. Chamberlin admits that Hitler is a potential menace to democratic America. Most of the American people seem to understand that the issue is no longer one of "intervention," but of self-preservation. It would be hard to find an ordinary American, let alone a liberal intellectual, who'd care to intervene for the preservation of the British Empire. But it is a question of the menace to ourselves in a situation where those nations, long our collaborators in a free way of life, may be taken over by Hitlerism — the complete antithesis, the deathless enemy, of American democracy.

Ross B. WILLIS

*Beverly Hills,
California.*

INTELLIGENT EXAMINATIONS

SIR: Irving Burton's article, "College Tutoring Racket," in the *MERCURY* for December, is extremely interesting. Part of the trouble, obviously, is in the actual curricula and examination systems imposed by faculties at most colleges. The emphasis is wrongfully placed on cramming, not on thinking and reading. In my ideal college, I would permit students to bring in all the notes and books they needed and test their ability to use the tools of knowledge and the implements of the mind. Then there would be no college tutoring racket.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

New York City.

INTOLERANCE AND INSANITY

SIR: In his article, "Intolerance Is a Form of Insanity," in a recent issue of the *MERCURY*, Dr. Louis Berg makes ample use of an old method of diagnosing political adversaries. This technique has a venerable antiquity in the history of politics. Even in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* doubts are expressed as to the mental health of the man who happens to stand on the other side.

In 1848, a medical dissertation was approved by the Berlin faculty, with the prom-

ising title, "De Morbo Democratico Nova Vesaniae Forma" ("On the Democratic Disease, a New Form of Insanity"), and in 1919 the so-called revolution in Germany was dragged before the court of psychiatry. At that time many "scientific" publications and common newspaper articles emphasized that the leading revolutionary figures were, without exception, all psychopaths. And at about the same time a German translation of a book by Mr. Sorokine was published. The author showed clearly that there was not one healthy spot in the whole revolutionary matter.

The National Socialists realized that the legend of the psychopath could not be profitable; in their propaganda the legend of the "dagger in the back" took its place. Unfortunately, we have to admit that they not only had a better political instinct — they also had a background of science.

Intellectuals in all countries are accustomed to putting the crucial question of the mental stability of their opponents into the foreground. Obviously there is a conviction that the person who is insane cannot be a formidable enemy. He is not even competent. The mentally healthy are fitter, and shall survive. However, these men built up their own world to suit themselves, and to this world which they created, they are remarkably well adjusted. Who can deny that this very world stands ready to follow their command? By calling them lunatics we deceive and harm ourselves and others.

How about scrapping all psychoanalysis and psychopathology in the political struggle for the next five years at least? Psychiatrists, don't mingle with the politicians. At least, not if you are speaking from authoritative pulpits. And you politicians — look for more useful devices in your struggle than those held in the storehouse of psychoanalysis.

WLADIMIR ELIASBERG, M.D., PH.D.
New York City.

MAGAZINES FOR TOMMIES

SIR: Here, twelve miles from St. Paul's, at the point where London's barrage of gunfire welcomes the German raiders each night

(and it is doing so now — 9:30 p.m. blacked out) I write to ask a favor. C is rationed, and periodicals get thin: occurred to any of your readers to back copies of your magazine (a magazines) would be of interest to here? They would, I assure you. If, of them would care to post some to me here monthly, they will be to our soldiers, and they will be of much both our nations in forming a common ideas. The people here get tougher with bashing received from the foe and, now we have had the worst he can give, giving it back. Cheerio! Thumbs up! Th

F. J. You

*5 Forest Drive,
Theydon Bois,
Essex, England.*

THE CAT AT HOME

SIR: I was especially interested in F. S. Swift's letter in your December issue concerning the sex life of the cat. I'm with Mr. Swift horse, foot and guns. That's because of an alley cat — a lean, ragged, gray creature who appeared quite suddenly in our family garage. My wife and daughter managed to tame her. Before long the cat was sleek, fat and very friendly.

She had kittens, too — lots of 'em — and here's a complete blast for Mr. Devoe's rubbish about cats giving birth in secret. When our alley cat's time arrived she had her kittens in a blanket-filled box in a corner of our screened porch and, instead of shying away from human companionship during her time of trial, she cried for aid! Sounds silly, I guess, but it's true as gospel that our cat wanted my wife near, wanted help, and cried pitifully when Mrs. Dieckmann left for a minute or so, quieting down only when she returned. So that's that — and it's not one for Ripley, either.

EDWARD A. DIECKMANN
*Commanding Homicide Squad,
Police Department*

*San Diego,
California.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM BILLER, who lives in Pasadena, Cal., has two books of verse to his

EDWARD CROSS is the pen-name of a lawyer well-known in his community, now engaged in another business. His work has appeared in law periodicals, and he is also the author of a popular legal manual.

ENÉE VON EULENBURG-WIENER, PH.D., was born in Vienna and had her early training there, but her long career as research specialist has been chiefly in America. She established and directed the work at the laboratories of the Van derbilt Clinic in New York from 1920 until its removal to the Medical Center and was also connected with the Sloane Hospital for Women.

JOHN T. FLYNN is one of the foremost economic and political journalists in the country. His *Squire in the White House* has been on the best-seller lists for months.

MEIGS M. GREEN informs us: "Among other things, I have worked in an apple-sauce factory, an ideal beginning for a writer." He was born in Winchester, Virginia, and is thirty years old.

SVEN G. LUNDEN is an internationally known writer who has specialized in the history and current situation of Freemasonry.

DAYTON DAVID MCKEAN is an assistant professor at Dartmouth College. He has served two terms in the New Jersey legis-

lature and is the author of *The Boss: the Hague Machine in Action and Pressures on the Legislature of New Jersey*.

FRANK S. MEAD is the author of five books on religious subjects. He has been a soldier, "Y" Secretary, editor, and at present is writing on religious and social-work themes. He is a graduate of Union Theological Seminary.

BERNHARD RAGNER is just back from his post in Paris as correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, after nineteen consecutive years of newspaper work in France. During the conquest of France he followed the government to Tours, Bordeaux and Vichy, then returned to Paris under occupation.

VICTOR RIESEL is one of the editors of the *New Leader*, a Social Democratic labor weekly which has for years conducted a campaign of exposure of Stalin's agents in the United States.

CARLETON SMITH is the distinguished music critic. He has lived in Finland for months at a time and visited Sibelius on various occasions.

AMY VANDERBILT, one of the Social Register Vanderbilts, is now engaged in publicity work. In private life she is Mrs. Morton Gill Clark.

GEORGE WILLIS, whose first published short story, *Not Time, But Rhythm*, appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, worked as drummer in dance bands until he gave it up for a writing career recently.

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Sibelius — Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 43 (Columbia Album M-423, \$5.50). It is to understand why John Barbirolli and New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are now making such miserable records but the fact must be noted. This set is bad in conducting, playing and recording the Brahms Second Symphony was in the same orchestra's recent ugly effort.

Sibelius — Incidental Music to Belshazzar's Feast, Op. 51 (Victor Album M-715, \$2.50). Shallow but not completely uninteresting music in an extremely fine first recording a straightforward performance by Robert Kajanus and the London Symphony Orchestra.

Franck — Prelude, Chorale and Fugue (Columbia Album X-176, \$2.50). The proficient, provocative pianism of Egon Petri, supported by resonant recording, makes this the most desirable edition — for people to whom this music is desirable.

Beethoven — Quartet No. 5, in A, Op. 18, No. 5 (Victor Album M-716, \$3.00). The one good modern version, played in the accomplished worldly manner that has been satisfactory in the four previous works of this Coolidge Edition of the Beethoven Quartet Substantial and lifelike recording.

Little Organ Book (Victor Album M-697 and M-711, \$10.00). of the third volume completes tion of these forty-six choral :brating the church year. Em- the interesting qualities of the an of the Germanic Museum at ed by E. Power Biggs with a teness injurious to the intenser the old Lutheran pieces. The the organ is adequate — defi- than in those disks in which it is th Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta.

ff— Piano Concerto No. 3, in D 30 (Victor Album M-710, \$5.00). ffuse but rich and singing Concerto. th and weakness are those of the own Second, whose major features mphatically recalled here. The per- nce, with the composer at the piano and ne Ormandy conducting the Philadel- Orchestra at its best, is magnificent and . The recording is extraordinarily rich, iant and balanced.

bert-Liszt — Wanderer Fantasy (Columbia un M-426, \$3.50). Edward Kilenyi, a t pianist of dazzling digitation and care- musicianship, apparently estimates this at work as a product of Liszt alone. Since flaming abbé was responsible only for its gement as a concerto, Mr. Kilenyi's perating virtuosity is ruinous to the itual values of the music, in spite of the ble accompaniment by an orchestra ducted by Selmar Meyrowitz, and very a recording.

ok— Contrasts for Violin, Clarinet and no (Columbia Album X-178, \$2.50). ree modern trifles composed with unusual t uninteresting technical resource, in a r recording of Szigeti's violin, Goodman's rinet and the composer's piano.

ssersky — The Nursery (Victor Album -686, \$2.75). One of the seven songs in the cle is omitted by Igor Gorin in a version herein his remarkably beautiful baritone is directed by a lamentable instinct for pressive histrionics.

C. G. B:



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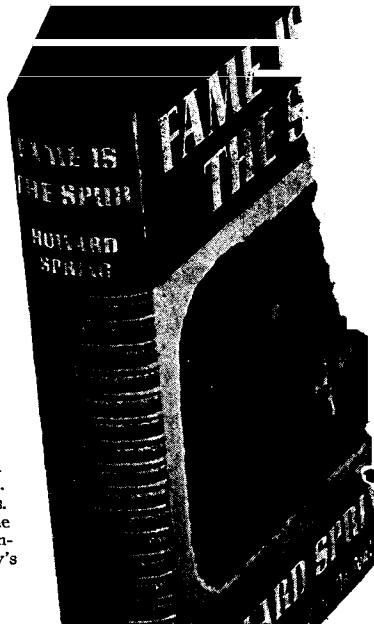
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